

Porfirio Diaz—Soldier and Statesman. From The Quarterly Review.

3417



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TO MIRANDA.

Daughter of her whose face, and lofty
name
Prenuptial, of old States and Cities
speak,
Where lands of wine look north to peak
on peak
Of the overwatching Alps: through her,
you claim
Kinship with vanished Power, unvan-
ished Fame;
And midst a word grown colorless and
bleak
I see the blood of Doges in your cheek,
And in your hair the Titian tints of
flame.

Daughter of England too, you first
drew breath
Where our coy Springs to our coy Sum-
mers yield;
And you descend from one whose lance
and shield
Were with the grandsire of Elizabeth,
When the Plantagenet saw the avenger
Death
Toward him spurring over Bosworth
field.

William Watson.

—
AVE SOROR.

I left behind the ways of care,
The crowded hurrying hours,
I breathed again the woodland air,
I plucked the woodland flowers:

Bluebells as yet but half awake,
Primroses pale and cool,
Anemones like stars that shake
In a green twilight pool—

On these still lay an enchanted shade,
The magic April sun;
With my own child a child I strayed
And thought the years were one.

As through the copse she went and
came
My senses lost their truth;
I called her by the dear dead name
That sweetened all my youth.

Henry Newbolt.

ALPHABETICAL SYMBOLS.

Four letters that a child may trace!
Yet men who read may feel a thrill
From powers untouched by time or
space—

Vibrations of the eternal will—
With body and mind and soul respond
To "love" and all that lies beyond.

On truth's wide sea thought's tiny
skiff

Goes dancing, far beyond our speech,
Yet thought is but a hieroglyph
Of boundless worlds it cannot reach:
We label our poor idols "God,"
And map with logic heavens untrod.

Music and beauty, life and art—
Regalia of the Presence hid—
Command our worship, move our
heart,
Write love on every coffin-lid;
But infinite—beyond, above—
The hope within that one word
"Love."

Annie Matheson.

The Athenaeum.

—
MY BURIAL.

BY DAFYDD AB GWILYM.

When I die, O bury me
Within the free young wildwood;
Little birches o'er me bent
Lamenting as my child would!
Let my surplice-shroud be spun
Of sparkling summer clover;
While the great and stately trees
Their rood-screen rich hang over!
For my bier-cloth blossomed May
Outlay on eight green willows!
Seagulls white to bear my pall
Take flight from all the billows.
Summer's cloister be my church
Of soft leaf-searching whispers,
From whose mossed bench the night-
ingale

To all the vale chant vespers;
Mellow-toned the brake amid.
My organ hid be cuckoo;
Paters, seemly hours and psalm
Bird voices calm re-echo!
Mystic masses, sweet addresses,
Blackbird, be thou offering,
Till God His bard to Paradise
Uplift from sighs and suffering.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

The Thrush.

PORFIRIO DIAZ — SOLDIER AND STATESMAN.*

Almost a century has elapsed since the once immense colonial empire of Spain began to disintegrate and crumble away, and the most precious of her oversea possessions, gained for her by Cortez, Pizarro and their successors, as they firmly believed, for all time, one by one threw off the oppressive yoke under which they had groaned for some four hundred years. The South American colonies availed themselves of Napoleon's conquest of Spain to establish their own independence; and, after Napoleon's fall, the mother-country, weakened by her terrible struggle with France, and hampered by internal revolutions and the worthless government of Ferdinand VII, was able to do little towards recovering her lost empire.

Mexico was almost the first Spanish colony to enter upon the struggle for freedom; but, though the initial blow at Spain's dominance was struck in 1810, it was only in 1821 that an independent government was successfully established, and the Republic of Mexico was set up. Some years previously, in 1817, Chile had declared herself free; while Venezuela, Paraguay, and New Granada had broken away from the Spanish Viceroy's authority and had formed themselves into the Republic of Colombia, only, however, to be again broken up and reconstituted into separate independent sovereign states. Ecuador and Peru, the latter the very centre of Spanish colonial power, were lost to the Crown of Spain in 1821; while Guatemala in 1822 and Bolivia in 1823

seceded from the mother-country. Buenos Aires and Uruguay established their own independent governments in 1824; and the smaller Central American colonies of Nicaragua, Honduras, and Costa Rica were no less successful in breaking their fetters, San Salvador being the last province to revolt, in 1843, against the Spanish dominion. Florida had been sold by Ferdinand VII to the United States, which, on its own account, subsequently seized Porto Rico and the Philippines and emancipated Cuba. Thus, with the exception of the Canaries, a few small islands in the Gulf of Guinea, and one or two "presidios" in Morocco, Spain has been dispossessed of all her colonies.

On September 15, 1910, General Porfirio Diaz, President of the United States of Mexico, will enter upon his eightieth year and the thirtieth year of his Presidency, an occasion which will synchronize with the holding of important celebrations in connection with the centenary of Mexico's emancipation from Spain. The occasion is not only one of great interest in relation to the life of an exceptional man, but will solve the important question, which has for some time been agitating the minds of Mexicans, and is of interest to the world at large—the question, namely, who is to succeed him. The existing presidential term will expire on November 30, 1910; but, though so recently as January, 1909, General Diaz declared in a personal interview that, "no matter what my friends and supporters may say, I re-

* 1. "Porfirio Diaz, seven times President of Mexico." By Mrs. Alec. Tweedie. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1906.

2. "President Diaz and Modern Mexico" By Enrique C. Creel, Mexican Ambassador to the United States. New York: Sunday Magazine, 1907.

3. "Ethics in Action: Porfirio Diaz and his Works." By a Soldier of the Old Guard. Mexico City, 2a Independencia, 1907.

4. "What does the Future hold for Mexico?" By Henry Litchfield West. New York: Harper, 1908.

5. "La Sucesion Presidencial en 1910." Issued by El Partido Nacional Democratico. Coahuila, Mexico: Francisco J. Madero, 1909.

6. "Un Pueblo, un Siglo, y un Hombre." By Dr. Fortunato Hernandez. Mexico City: Geographical Society, 1909.

tire when my present term of office ends; and I shall not serve again," he has now definitely accepted re-nomination.

It was in 1830 that Porfirio Diaz was born, at which date Mexico had already experienced some nine years of strenuous existence as a Republic. A twelvemonth's freedom from the yoke of Spain was succeeded by an Empire under Agustin Iturbide, whose ludicrous attempt at monarchy was cut short by his execution. Then came President Vittoria's ephemeral Constitution, which was followed by a succession of internecine revolutions, interrupted by united struggles against the last lingering remnants of Spanish authority. Thus young Diaz was reared amid a turmoil of alarms and excursions, the din of which reached even the remote corner of Mexico where he was born, the city of Oaxaca, situated at a distance of some 234 miles, then necessitating about a week's journey, from the capital. Here, at the time of the American invasion of Mexico, namely, in 1848, he was studying for the Church under the tutelage of his uncle and guardian, Bishop José Agustin Dominguez, and watched over by his good friend Licenciado (lawyer) Marcos Perez, Governor of the State of Oaxaca. It says much for Diaz that, even at this early period of his life, when he determined to forsake the cloister for the more stirring scenes of the camp, he was enabled, by his striking personality, to influence in his favor such an experienced man of the world as the State Governor. He, moreover, braved the displeasure of his uncle the bishop with calm determination. Certainly neither of them could foresee at that time that it was to be the hand of this young ex-priest which was to help in perpetuating the separation of Church from State, and to keep in stern sub-

jection the once all-powerful influence of Rome in Mexico.

The life of Porfirio Diaz may be divided into two distinct periods—his brilliant career as a soldier, and his inestimable service as a statesman. Bulwer Lytton once wrote of Richelieu that it was strange so great a statesman should be so sublime a poet. Of Diaz it may be observed with equal truth that it is remarkable so good a soldier should have proved himself so great a statesman. The disposition to destroy and the desire to build up do not often go hand-in-hand, the world offering but few examples of a man, who has once freed his country from a succession of troubles, succeeding, as Porfirio Diaz has succeeded, in turning the ruin of war into the prosperity or an abiding peace. Simon Bolivar, the great Latin-American liberator, may be cited as an opposite case in point, his brilliant services as a soldier being partially obliterated by his unwitting blunders as a ruler.

Poverty and even privations were among the earliest experiences of young Diaz. His father and mother were so badly off that they were compelled to keep a small inn, known as the "Sun," at Oaxaca City; the former, while still a young man, falling a victim to Asiatic cholera and leaving a family of six small children, of whom Porfirio was the eldest, in indigent circumstances. Diaz' parents, José Faustino Diaz and Petrona Mori de Diaz, the latter of Indian (Mixteca) blood, were, however, very highly respected in their city; and the humble birthplace of Porfirio for many years remained a national shrine. To-day it is the site of a great public school named after the President, erected by the nation in his honor.

With the determination to be a good soldier rather than a bad priest, young Diaz left the Jesuits' seminary at Oaxaca at the age of nineteen. By this

times he had received a good education, so thorough, indeed, that he had been enabled to give private lessons in Latin to other students, while he also filled the important position of librarian at the Institute of Sciences. Although he had studied law under Marques Pérez and Benito Juarez (afterwards President), he did not take any degree, owing to the fact that the then President, General Santa Anna, feeling alarmed at the liberal tendency of the educational establishment where Diaz was a pupil, autocratically suppressed it. This, as much as anything else, provoked Diaz into rebellion against the tyrant; and it was he who organized one of the first bodies of malcontents to rise against Santa Anna, who, for many years, proved himself the evil genius of Mexico.

As a consequence of this, proscribed and with a price on his head, young Diaz was compelled to fly; and for several years he was relentlessly persecuted by the Government of his own country on the ground that he was a rebel. So long as General Santa Anna remained in power—and this, with several interruptions, continued from 1843 to 1853—Diaz continued to be a refugee; but he nevertheless succeeded in taking an active part at a distance in the several revolutionary outbreaks which at that period characterized republican government in Mexico, when, indeed, war seemed to be the only national industry.

In 1856 the great struggle between the Conservatives (the Church party) and the Liberals was at its height; and Diaz took the side of the latter, in support of the now Governor of Oaxaca, Benito Juarez, who subsequently, as above stated, became President of Mexico. Young Diaz did not escape the risks of battle, for, while still a subaltern, he was seriously wounded, and, as he has himself stated, "suffered great physical agonies and the bitter-

ness of death." His contemporaries are unanimous in declaring that the stoicism which he displayed in these trying circumstances was highly remarkable in a youth of his age. He received one of his most serious wounds on August 13, 1857, when fighting at close quarters at the battle of Ixapa. He was struck in the side by a bullet which long remained embedded in the body, and caused him great suffering. First aid having been administered, to the astonishment of his men he rose from the ground and continued fighting until weakness put an end to all further efforts. As an evidence of the severity of this wound, it may be observed that it was found to be in a septic condition some fifty days after the battle, by which time the bullet itself had completely disappeared. It was not until twenty months afterwards that some American surgeons who were in Mexico succeeded in extracting the projectile.

Long before his complete recovery, however, Diaz was again to the fore, sword in hand, defending his native city of Oaxaca against the attacks of the Conservative leader, Marcelino Cobos. Ill as he was, he took an active part in the long siege which the Liberal forces were called upon to withstand in the convent of San Domingo, again undergoing great physical privations, including that of semi-starvation. The city having been abandoned by the local government, Porfirio Diaz was compelled to make his escape; but it was not for long that he was absent from the scene of action. Gathering around him many of his former followers, Diaz, who by this time had been raised to the rank of captain, pursued his old enemy, Marcelino Cobos (one of the notorious rebel brothers of that name), as far as Jalapa in Tehuantepec, and there defeated him on February 25, 1858. It was Diaz also who, later on, confronted and overcame

the fanatical Spanish Carlist Conchado, a man of the same low stamp of character as the Cobos. In the famous battle of Rancho de las Jicaras, fought on April 13, 1859, Diaz won for himself the rank of commander; and, at the battle of Mixtequilla, in the following June, he attained to the rank of colonel. After the recapture of Oaxaca in the following year, Diaz was created a colonel in the regular army, having up to that period ranked only as colonel in the National Guard or Militia. It is eloquent of the character of the man that all this time he had been acting entirely upon his own initiative, having apparently been completely forgotten by the Federal Government, as six months had passed without any communication between Diaz and the capital.

Diaz' subsequent achievements by force of arms, such as his recapture from the Conservatives of the city of Tehuantepec; his repulse of their fierce attack (under the leadership of the traitor Marquez) upon Mexico City in 1861; his second victory over Marquez at Jalatlaco, in the same year; his first serious encounter with the invading French and his services at the battle of Puéblo in 1862; his unwavering devotion to the republican cause all through the subsequent Maximilian troubles, and the numerous exploits which he performed on this occasion in defence of his country; his subsequent imprisonment by and escape from the hands of the French in 1865; his long and capable leadership at the storming of Puéblo for the second time in 1867, as well as at the siege of Mexico City which occurred in the same year, down to the period of his triumphant entry into the capital in June, 1867—all show Porfirio Diaz to have been successful both as a fighter and as a leader; while all through he asked nothing for his services, and even refused the position of Minister

of War when offered to him by his grateful patron Benito Juarez, who had in 1858 been elected President.

The attitude assumed by Porfirio Diaz in connection with the death of Maximilian in 1867 has formed the subject of much diverse and no little condemnatory comment; much must be allowed, however, for the sentiments of a pure-bred Mexican, and his intense antipathy to an alien sovereign, forced upon his distracted country against its almost unanimous will. It has been asserted that Diaz might readily have used his influence with President Benito Juarez to spare the life of the unfortunate Maximilian, but the question naturally arises, Why should he have done so? To him, as to many thousands of other Mexicans, Maximilian, both in his person and his policy, represented all that was hateful and dangerous to the precious freedom for which the patriots had fought and died, and which—even at the moment of its attainment—was threatened with destruction. That Porfirio Diaz showed no disposition of mercy to Maximilian is true. It is equally true that Maximilian, who had issued a stern edict against all Mexican republicans caught with arms in their possession, would have shown none to Diaz.

With the withdrawal of the French from Mexico and the death of Maximilian, Diaz' services as a soldier remained for a period uncalled for; but troublous times for the Republic were still to come. The return of Benito Juarez to power in 1867 was followed, after a stormy and somewhat violent period, by his death in 1872. The seething discontent occasioned by the actions of his successor, Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, found expression in the revolution of 1876, in which Diaz himself took an active part. Lerdo's subsequent flight was the beginning of Diaz' triumph,

for, after acting as Provisional President for a few months in that year, he became actual and Constitutional President in 1877.

Altogether Porfirio Diaz has been elected to, and has occupied, the position of President of the United States of Mexico upon seven different occasions. On May 5, 1877, he first took the oath of office as Constitutional President for the period terminating on November 30, 1880. General Manuel Gonzalez then succeeded him, Diaz consenting to accept the minor portfolio of Fomento (Minister of Industries) in the Cabinet. Resigning that position in the following year, he was appointed Governor of his native State of Oaxaca, and retained the post until his second election to the Presidency in December 1884. From that date he has remained Chief Magistrate without change until to-day.

The term of his first Presidency was so brief, and Diaz found his country in such a state of confusion, that few notable events of his early government of the Republic are to be chronicled. The chief event of his second Presidency, from 1884, was the adjustment of the country's public debt, considered by him an indispensable condition for the re-establishment of the nation's credit. Here, almost at the outset of his career as a statesman, Diaz manifested the honesty and the upright purpose of his character; to his prompt and energetic action in dealing with the matter of the public finances may be traced the commencement of Mexico's rehabilitation as a nation. It was not without difficulty that the Government succeeded in awakening public interest upon the question of monetary reform, since it ran the risk of seriously unsettling the public mind, and of working harm to important and sacred interests, without any apparent countervailing advantage. In less

experienced and capable hands than those of Porfirio Diaz and his astute Finance Minister, Señor Limantour, the fact of the public being suddenly apprised of the probability of a change in monetary legislation might have occasioned a panic and a complete derangement of commercial affairs.

For many months before any public announcement was made, Diaz and his advisers were in constant conclave regarding the proposed measures, calling to their counsels the leading and most trusted bankers in Mexico, men who were finally formed into a body known as the Mexican Commission on International Exchange. These experienced financiers met at Mexico City, and helped to prepare public opinion for the impending change; and no doubt they contributed powerfully both to arouse and to calm public interest in the investigation of the questions connected with currency and exchange, with the result that the modifications in the laws and practices which had for so long been in vogue were received not only with calmness, but even with gratification. The pernicious effects of the fluctuations of exchange demanded the stabilizing of the gold value of currency; but the Government naturally had to meet and overcome the objections of silver-producers, the importance of whose views may be estimated when it is remembered that Mexico has long been the greatest silver-producing country of the world. In spite of the opposition offered by the owners of silver-mines, who strove vigorously to preserve the privileged position which the existing monetary legislation of Mexico had afforded them, General Diaz, recognizing that the existing conditions were detrimental to the interests of the majority, resolved that nothing should interfere with their amelioration. He was sufficiently clear-sighted to perceive that the mine-owners would gain

as much through the changes in system, not the least of which would be the reduction of taxes on mining, as they would lose by the restriction of coinage. The Government were too intelligent to attempt to bring about legal parity in monetary currency all at once; but, having resolved upon the expediency of creating a gold fund to attain and preserve stability in the rate of exchange, they proceeded slowly and carefully with the arrangement of details.

The advance of Mexican railways likewise took a marked turn for the better between the years 1885 and 1888, a period characterized by a continuation of the Republic's progress politically, financially and commercially. Although a time of great financial stringency was subsequently experienced, in 1892, owing to the heavy fall of silver and a succession of bad harvests, the country was kept steadily on the road to improvement, mainly by the discreet policy and the shrewd judgment shown by Diaz in the selection of his ministers, and in their handling of difficult problems. It was at this time that General Diaz began fully to appreciate the value, as coadjutors, of Señor José Yves Limantour and Don Matías Roméro, the first of whom still remains perhaps the most powerful, as he is undoubtedly the most able, Minister of the Diaz Cabinet.

Railways were pushed, if not rapidly, at least efficiently throughout the country; and Mexico's commercial relations were improved accordingly. During his third Presidency, and indeed throughout his long period of government, General Diaz gave the fullest support to the construction and financing of fresh railway lines; and he personally inaugurated with much ceremony the opening of the Mexican Southern Railway, the second purely British enterprise of its kind in Mex-

ico (the Mexican Railway being the first and only other). He also attended the inauguration and opening of the drainage works of the Valley of Mexico, likewise an enterprise undertaken by a British firm. At this period, so firmly had Mexico's position been re-established in the estimation of the business world, that the Municipality of Mexico City, under the auspices of the Federal Government, was able with little or no difficulty to negotiate in London a public loan of 2,400,000*l.* at 5 per cent.

President Diaz has been no less successful in regard to the latter-day railway policy which he has pursued. For many years the Government has contemplated taking over the control of the railways, which was deemed necessary in order to safeguard the country from the serious consequences which would ensue were the chief routes of communication to remain in the hands of foreigners. The danger was no imaginary one, for, with the tendency to absorb everything into huge trusts which was then, as now, characteristic of the United States, it seemed as if Mexico's powerful neighbor might soon acquire and control every railway line in the Republic. Had the railway systems of Mexico once been absorbed into those of the United States, the practical independence of the Latin Republic would have disappeared, and the way would have been paved for a more definite domination. The diplomatic move of President Diaz in thus anticipating events, and in insisting upon the autonomy of the Mexican railways, has been completely justified; but, while the country has already experienced the benefits of this policy, it is perhaps more in the future that its advantages will be enjoyed.

During his fourth Presidency, from December 1, 1892, to November 30, 1896, many important national events occurred. Owing in part to the tact

and firmness which he displayed, General Diaz prevented a war from breaking out between Mexico and Guatemala; and a treaty, which has since served to maintain the peace between the two neighboring Republics, was signed on April 1, 1895.

Mexico at this time was in a very discouraging economic condition. The mischief, which had assumed a serious form in 1892, was growing steadily worse. A prolonged drought, bad harvests, and a further heavy decline in the price of silver, which was accentuated by the closing down of the Indian Mint, had occasioned widespread disaster and financial stringency, from which all sections of the community, governmental as well as private, were suffering. The violent fluctuations in the price of silver were no doubt the main factor in the country's distress, since they acted as an effectual bar to commercial transactions with gold-standard countries and to foreign investors coming into Mexico. Recognizing this fact, and in spite of his having received no training as a financial expert, President Diaz exhibited at this stage a gift of intuition, combined with much intelligence and tact, which enabled him to solve the problem, delicate and dangerous as it was, with complete success. That the crisis was not only met but overcome was largely due, as Diaz himself must have felt, to the unlimited confidence of the country and its foreign creditors in the ability and integrity of the Government. So eminently successful was this financial policy that the fiscal year 1894-5 was wound up with a small surplus, the first, it may be said, that had ever figured in the financial history of the Republic.

With the achievement of budgetary equilibrium, Diaz' fourth Presidency ended and his fifth commenced, for it will be readily understood how nearly

unanimous was the voice of the country in calling upon the man who had proved himself so skilful a ruler at a time of great national trouble and anxiety, to retain office as President. His fifth term fortunately found the country rescued from its difficulties and making rapid headway under a peaceful and progressive Government. It was during this period, between December 1, 1896, and November 30, 1900, that Mexico was selected as the only Latin-American nation to participate in the Peace Conference held at the Hague in 1899. The same year witnessed the important financial operation of converting all Mexico's foreign debts into a new loan of 22,700,000 ℓ . bearing interest at 5 per cent., as against the 6 per cent. hitherto paid. Thus, for the first time, were the Republic's foreign debts firmly established on a new and solid foundation—a skilful operation which succeeded in saving to the national exchequer a sum of no less than 1,678,981 ℓ . annually. The capital of the National Debt of Mexico was in June 1907 44,156,472 ℓ . Once again, in 1900, the general voice of Mexico called upon General Diaz to continue in office for yet a sixth term of four years. Beyond a partial readjustment of his Cabinet, and the consolidation of existing financial and commercial institutions, little remains to be recorded of this period, if we except the creation of the post of Vice-President, to which further reference is made hereafter. During this term, however, the Mexican Government were successful in negotiating a further loan of \$40,000,000 (4,000,000 ℓ .) at 4 per cent. interest, a circumstance worth recording, since borrowing at so low a rate clearly indicated the improved commercial and political status of the country.

It would be altogether unreasonable to expect perfection in any new form of

government or in any man mainly responsible for its administration; but when we remember the material with which Diaz had to work, and the difficulties which he had to encounter in the way of ignorance, bigotry, and factious opposition, it is little less than astonishing that he should have accomplished so much as he has. He was called upon to control a social system of vicious feudalism, under which the ruling classes enjoyed a monopoly of land and mines, living in luxurious idleness and almost princely splendor; while the poor, ignorant peasantry were held in abject slavery. Though this phase of Mexican life has been almost entirely abolished, the actual condition of the "peon" class has been only slightly improved. Nominally they are freeborn citizens, with all the rights and privileges of free men and women; but in actual practice they are subject to a dictatorship extending from the highest official to the lowest, and are still deemed unworthy of complete emancipation from control in most if not all of their actions. It is clear that Diaz, as well as his subordinates, considers that the "peon" class must be held in close check for some time to come; he seems to fear that fuller political freedom might induce an attempt to break away from the leash which, if loosely held, is still in a strong and ever-ready hand. Open political discussion is still somewhat dangerous; and the "freedom" of the native press is kept within prescribed limits. In the moulding of a new and still immature nation, perhaps this form of restriction at the hands of a constructive but cautious statesman is not wholly incomprehensible.

Few men could succeed in forcing their way from comparative obscurity to supreme command without violating some of the cherished ideals of justice and mercy; and Porfirio Diaz

would probably be the last to protest that his actions have always been just and his decisions invariably wise in dealing with his enemies and opponents. Instances of oppression, hasty judgment, and too severe punishment might be given; and perhaps the history of Mexico's revival at the hands of Porfirio Diaz is hardly more free from blots upon the administration of justice in this respect than is that of any other struggling young nation emerging from servitude to freedom. The drastic action taken in regard to all attempts at opposition to existing authority, no matter whether it be official or merely proprietorial, still sometimes constitutes a grave reproach to Mexican justice; the principle of "shooting rioters at sight," without trial or enquiry, being still prevalent in the Republic, as was exemplified so recently as April last (1909) in connection with some trivial disturbances at the Velardeña mine in the State of Durango. While Diaz has succeeded in introducing more decorum into the proceedings of the Mexican courts than prevailed before his advent to power, he has been unable to do much towards the purification of justice in Mexico, which still suffers, both in its theory and its practice, from serious defects. The mal-administration of the law by ignorant and unworthy officials; the cruelty often practised in extorting evidence from reluctant witnesses, especially among the lower classes; and the long delays occurring between the arrest and the trial of a prisoner, constitute serious blots upon Mexican justice, and have apparently met with but little improvement at the hands of the Government.

With regard to Diaz' attitude towards the Catholic Church in Mexico, and the charge which has been made in some quarters that he was

mainly responsible for the separation of Church from State, it may be pointed out that this great principle of separation was proclaimed specifically and categorically so early as September 25, 1873, although it had been *de facto* achieved much earlier than this, namely, in 1859. At that date General Diaz had not assumed power, even for the first time, the actual President in 1873 having been Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada. It was Benito Juarez who, in 1859, first fought against the Church and its immense interests; and Porfirio Diaz has merely continued the very clear and definite policy towards Rome and its influence which was originated by his predecessors—a policy the general principles of which, it may be said, are vitally interwoven with the prosperity of Mexico.

It should be remembered that the Church was largely responsible for occasioning and for maintaining for so many years the sanguinary fratricidal wars which almost shattered the young Republic—wars which a portion of the clergy had been keeping up solely for the purpose of preserving the prerogatives and privileges that they had inherited from the colonial régime. For the attainment of this object they had employed, in some cases, not only their great wealth, but also the sacred influence of their ministry. It was on account of this misuse of power that the Church was deprived of the resources on which it was based, and that the Republican Government determined to adopt, as a general and invariable rule of policy, a system of complete severance between political and ecclesiastical affairs. During his long tenure of power, General Diaz has been subjected to much pressure upon the part of zealous and no doubt well-meaning friends to broaden somewhat the restricted area in which the Catholic Church in Mexico is permitted to move; but all such

efforts have proved, and are likely to prove, futile, General Diaz having firmly resolved to maintain at all hazards the measures which his predecessors after much trouble and many bitter struggles had introduced. The nationalization of Church property has no doubt ensured the foundation of Mexico's reform legislation; and the laws which have been introduced against the power of the Church have gone to the root of the matter, as it may be believed, once and for all.

After everything has been said which can be said by the votaries of the Church in regard to the Mexican separation laws, the fact remains that their provisions are much more liberal and much wiser than the corresponding provisions in the French law for settling the status of ecclesiastical edifices and their contents. The Mexican law simply states that, while all the churches which have been nationalized shall continue to be the property of the nation, the religious bodies in charge of them shall remain, without any further formality, in undisturbed and exclusive possession thereof, with the privilege and duty of improving and maintaining them, subject, however, to the State's right ultimately to dispose otherwise of the property, if it should deem fit. While insisting upon complete independence between the affairs of State and those of the Church, the Government undertakes to protect by its authority the public exercise of the Catholic religion, as well as that of all other forms of worship.

It must be remembered that Diaz was aware of, and no doubt dreaded, in common with other political reformers, the great influence of the Church on the government of the country. It would be unfair to deny, however, that the Church in most Latin-American countries, and especially in Mexico, has had great moral influence, or that that influence has not been frequently

wielded for good. The clergy are always enabled to calm as well as to excite the imagination, and can tranquillize as they can alarm the conscience. With their political power considerably shorn and circumscribed, the Mexican priesthood are still a powerful factor among the masses; and on the whole, the influence of the clergy today is beneficial and occasionally extremely valuable. It is to be remembered that the two greatest patriots whom Mexico has known—Hidalgo and Morelos—were both parish priests who threw away the surplice for the sword; and both of whom suffered a martyr's death at the hands of the Spaniards.

In speaking upon this subject, as he has little hesitation in doing to a sympathetic listener, Porfirio Diaz has observed:

My country was long under a fanatic rule which denied men the right to think and to be free in conscience. The result of that slavery will require many generations yet to obliterate completely; but to-day my people enjoy a religious as well as a political freedom. I am anxious that it should thus continue—and it *shall* continue.

The President, although, as pointed out, brought up strictly as a Catholic, is an individualist in thought, and recognizes that, above all things, religion is an individual thing which every man must settle for himself. Although he usually declines to discuss controversial theological questions, even with his own intimate friends, General Diaz, if interrogated, would probably declare himself a thorough Christian so far as his reverence for and belief in every moral principle of Christ is concerned; but he is personally averse from the outward forms and ceremonies attending public worship. So long as the restrictions laid down by law in Mexico are not infringed, no govern-

mental interference will be permitted; but upon more than one occasion of late years a restricting hand has been applied to certain attempted religious ceremonials connected with the Church, which are forbidden to take place outside the cathedral doors.

One of the earliest acts of General Diaz as President was the reorganization of the Mexican army; and undoubtedly the long series of triumphs which he won during the earlier and more stormy days of the Republic enabled him to face this task with both confidence and success. Upon the principle that a good soldier must learn to obey before he can command, Diaz himself served a long and willing apprenticeship, and, as we have seen, upon more than one occasion refused preferment, feeling himself perhaps insufficiently experienced to serve his country in a position of high responsibility. So far back as 1872, Porfirio Diaz had been offered the Ministry of War, a post which, in those days, virtually meant holding the reins of government. It needs but little reflection to prove how easily a young man of thirty-three years of age, without fortune of his own, could have risen to supreme power by occupying so lofty a position; but Diaz nevertheless turned his face against the offer, though it carried with it precedence over the heads of older and more experienced officers. He contented himself with the rank of Brigadier-general, and in this post he continued to render the best services in his power, without aiming at personal aggrandizement or preferment.

When, however, he had once been elected President, he put into execution the plans for improving the army which had long been maturing in his mind. He not only remodelled the lower ranks of the service from top to bottom, but changed the curriculum

and general organization of the military academy at Chapultepec, which now ranks high among the establishments of its class throughout the world; and he established the hardly less famous Escuela Militar de Aspirantes, which has for its special object a regular supply of properly qualified subaltern officers for infantry, cavalry, and artillery. General Diaz likewise altered and improved the system of military jurisprudence and the military tribunes and courts-martial distributed throughout the country. Perhaps one of the smartest acts, although not the direct inspiration of General Diaz, was the transformation of the many hundreds of brigands who infested the country at the time of Diaz' advent to power into a trained and well-organized body of troops, with the special duty of safeguarding the high-roads which they had previously rendered so dangerous to travellers. Acting upon the adage, "set a thief to catch a thief," the Government employs the ex-brigands, now known as the Rural Guards of the Federation, for running to earth and, where possible, bringing to trial alive all criminals who may be temporarily at large.

Several important electoral reforms owe their introduction to General Diaz. These have for the most part been wise and necessary measures, which have been passed, not with any idea of either perpetuating or reducing the responsibilities of his own position, but with the broader view of providing for the future, when the strong hand which has hitherto guided the destinies of the Republic shall no longer be available. One thing in particular General Diaz resolved upon; and that was that the executive succession should not be left to chance. Guided by his own experiences of earlier days, he determined that his suc-

cessor, whoever he might be, in order to use wisely powers which, as in his own case, might become almost, if not quite, those of a dictator, must have, besides other qualifications, habit and experience, and be a man imbued with ideas similar to his own, and an acknowledged upholder of his system. As things stood, any Mexican, not belonging to holy orders, being over thirty-five years of age—a politician (which Diaz has never been), a scientist, a tradesman, or a soldier—might become President. To amend the constitution so as to avoid any national misfortune by an unfortunate selection, the succession was restricted to a man of Diaz' own choice, subject to the subsequent confirmation of the Chambers. Such an Act, perhaps necessary if somewhat arbitrary, was among Diaz' first and most successful contrivances. It was secured also by the creation of the post of Vice-President, at the suggestion of General Diaz himself—a measure confirmed by Congress in June 1904. Thus, to a great extent, the executive is safeguarded now, and probably for all future time, against local antagonisms, external influences, and other possible but unforeseen contingencies.

Moreover, Porfirio Diaz has made preparations for the presidential succession by better educating the masses, so far as he has been enabled to influence them, by founding public free schools wherever possible, and creating a middle class. He has also strongly imbued his immediate assistants with a sense of their responsible duties, and a firm desire to carry on the government of the Republic for the common good. His own love for his country, and his conviction that its future is a prosperous one, he has endeavored—not always perhaps with equal success—to instill into the minds of his Ministers and the Governors of the several component States. What-

ever mistakes Diaz may have committed in the early days of his Presidency—and these were, at the most, only errors of judgment—they cannot be weighed against the real and abiding services which he has rendered to the country since he was first called to its aid in the dark days of revolution and oppression. He found it weak, and he leaves it strong and even powerful. He found it carrying on incessant interneceine warfare, and with a mere formless rabble for an army of defence; he leaves it at peace within its own borders and regarded as a great military state by its immediate neighbors and the dominating nations of the world. Thus, when the time eventually arrives for the retirement of General Diaz, there is little or no reason to fear anything but a peaceful transfer of the executive power, although, prior to the era of his election, there had been in Mexico but one instance of the voluntary and regular transfer of power from one President to another, namely, that from General José Joaquin de Herrera to General Mariano Arista, on January 15, 1851.

Many intelligent and patriotic Mexicans, while thoroughly recognizing the sterling worth of General Diaz and admitting the immense services which he has rendered to their country, feel that with his retirement the time will arrive when more scope can be safely given for the expansion and expression of political ideas in Mexico, when the leading strings of Government can be somewhat relaxed, and an effective democratic organization formed in order that popular suffrage may become a reality and assurance offered that all constitutional precepts shall be observed. The question to be considered is, Whether a people among whom education has made so slight a headway can be considered ready for democratic government? It has to be remembered that, in spite of the un-

doubted progress which has been made in educating the masses during the past twenty or thirty years, the census of 1900 showed that barely 16 per cent. of the Mexican people can either read or write, whereas among the Japanese, for example, 98 per cent. of the males of school age attend the educational establishments, and 93 per cent. of the females. Even in the Federal district of Mexico (comprising the capital city), where the action of the Government is more immediately felt, the proportion of those who cannot either read or write is 38 per cent.

Peace and prosperity have now reigned for so long in Mexico and have depended so largely on the personality of the President, that it was with something like fear that any change in the Executive was contemplated; and, as the expiration of his seventh term approached, great pressure was brought to bear upon General Diaz to continue for another term in office. In spite of his well-known and oft-expressed disinclination, on account of his advancing age and a very natural desire for a private life, to continue longer to serve as President, Porfirio Diaz has (as already stated) consented to serve again after the expiration of his seventh term of office, which will end on November 30, 1910, the usual period of four years having been extended (by the special decree of May 6, 1904) to one of six years.

In spite of his full measure of years, General Diaz maintains much of his great bodily strength, and almost as much of his customary physical activity. He has attributed this good fortune to his undiminished fondness for athletic exercises; while his long experience of campaigning, his hardening by arduous trips on foot in the burning sun, the tropical rains, and the strong winds which prevail in Mexico at certain times of the year,

have rendered him almost immune to most ills, and a stranger to fatigue of any kind. In conversation, General Diaz has confessed that, without the blessing of sound health and bodily strength which he has so singularly enjoyed, he would never have been able to carry out the public services with which his name will long be associated. Living, as he did for the first fifty strenuous years of his life, in an atmosphere of almost continual strife and warfare, either external or internal, and often with both raging at the same time, but for his great physical superiority and mental coolness he must inevitably have failed in his efforts to regenerate his country.

General Diaz strikes the observer as being a man of ardor and eagerness to learn all that passes in the outside world, and to be well informed as to the impressions created in the minds of foreigners regarding the position and the progress of Mexico. He possesses a certain faculty for eliciting this information in conversation, and can generally use it in such a way as to learn all that he wants to know without betraying undue curiosity or falling into dispute with his visitors. His knowledge of men and their motives likewise enables him to discern quickly the genuine from the meretricious, the true from the false; while he has that exceptional gift of being able to say "no" gracefully but firmly whenever the nature of a request strikes him as being either inopportune or impolitic from a national point of view. He has the outward composure of a slow but careful thinker, and yet of a strong man of action, while he can be both a patient listener and a courteous debater. Advancing age has done but little to dull his powers of reasoning; while, when occasion demands, he can still prove himself possessed of a furnace of ac-

tion, ready to blaze up and even to destroy his opponents.

Except when a refugee in the United States from the persecution of Santa Anna, General Diaz has visited no foreign soil—a matter of great regret to him, as he has assured me, since his one unsatisfied desire has been to see some of the European countries, and especially England. In spite of his deprivation in this respect, the President is apparently well informed upon European affairs, and the readiness and recentness of some of his information is surprising. The longing to see Europe is not destined to be satisfied, since the President, both from the reason of his advanced age and his determination to watch over, by his actual presence in the country, the destinies of his nation, is not likely to leave Mexico even for a time.

Although President Diaz does not speak English, he never professed not to understand it. A rather amusing instance of this was afforded upon one occasion when a "tough" American concession-hunter from "out West" was received by the President, in company with a United States Embassy official, who undertook to act as interpreter. Believing the President to be entirely ignorant of the English language, the would-be concessionaire allowed himself unrestrained freedom in his remarks. Addressing the official interpreter, he referred to the apparent hesitation of the "old fool" in granting him his terms, and requested that he might be reassured upon certain points in question. At the termination of the interview, General Diaz, who had given no indication that the American's frank remark had been understood, quietly turned to the interpreter and said, "Tell this gentleman that the 'old fool' will carefully consider his application, and will let him know his decision later on." With a merry twinkle in his eye, the President

then bowed-out his embarrassed visitors; and it is eloquent of his broad-mindedness and absence of personal pique that, in due course, he passed the coveted concession, although he granted the applicant no further interviews.

Porfirio Diaz, in spite of his humble birth and lack of training in any recognized school of diplomacy, answers remarkably to Burke's conception of a statesman, possessing a keen disposition to preserve and an undoubted ability to improve. Moreover, he has upon several notable occasions shown himself to be possessed of some of those qualities deemed indispensable for the successful occupation of any exalted position—good temper, tact, and patience; an absence of bitter partisanship in his earlier career; the possession of innate, generous sentiments, which involuntarily command respect and deference; and a personal dignity in both voice and manner which are at once attractive and impressive. While he has shone, perhaps, more as a worker than as an orator, his qualities as an administrator are not less remarkable than his statesmanship. No man of his age has been better able to feel the pulse of popular sentiment as it rises and falls almost from day to day, and especially so at times when his country has been confronted by issues of the gravest consequence, necessitating prompt and even drastic action.

Many recognitions of President Diaz' statesmanship have been bestowed upon him by foreign potentates; and it is generally admitted that Mexico, under his government, has made a great advance in international consideration. The numerous foreign decorations which have been conferred upon the President may be regarded, not only as personal honors to the man, but also as tributes to the orderliness and progress of his nation,

whose reputation for solvency, tranquility, and dignity has now, it may be hoped, been firmly and solidly established. The act of our own King in conferring the Grand Cross of the Bath upon General Diaz, in July 1906, was greatly appreciated by the Mexican nation, more especially as it was the first occasion on which Great Britain had conferred so highly-prized a distinction upon the head of any Latin-American Republic. So recently as April 1909, General Diaz was also the recipient of the highest honor which the Tsar of Russia can confer upon a foreigner, namely, the Grand Cross of the Order of Alexander Nevsky.

One of the clearest proofs of the high position which the Mexican Republic has taken in international affairs under the Presidency of General Diaz is afforded by the twice-tendered invitation from the United States to join with that Power in controlling the smaller Republics of Central America. Having established an enviable reputation in regard to the stability of its own government, and to the protection that it has given within its borders to life and property, Mexico is apparently deemed worthy of entering within the sacred circle of the Congress of Nations which control, either by moral or physical force, the peace of the world. Although it is, comparatively speaking, but a few years since Mexico was itself classified generally among barbarian nations, she to-day has demonstrated that at least one Latin-American Power can become really civilized; and, this being admitted, it follows that Mexico hereafter will be expected to employ her weighty influence in support of those forces which make for civilization throughout the turbulent lesser Republics of South and Central America. Within the past few months the moral influence of the Mexican Government has been brought to bear with marked success upon the

troublous affairs of Nicaragua, Guatemala, and Salvador; and, although hitherto the Mexican Government has found no necessity to contravene any of the settled precedents of International Law, there can be no doubt that, in the event of such steps being requisite, the Government is fully prepared to act with that of the United States in putting an end, if necessary, by force of arms, to the frequent disputes between the five troublesome Republics of Central America.

Although Porfirio Diaz has not travelled outside Mexico, he has long come to the same conclusion as Emerson, namely, that neither age nor country make any difference to a man's religion, and that sensible and conscientious men all over the world are really of one religion. The President's wife, a very devout and pious Catholic, is a regular attendant at mass, and faithfully observes every religious ceremonial and ordinance of the Church. It is eloquent of the perfect confidence and affection which exist between these two happily wedded persons that, during the whole of their long and prosperous life together, not a single religious difference has arisen between them upon any occasion to mar their complete understanding and sympathy.

By his first wife, Donna Delfina Ortega y Reyes, who died in 1880, Porfirio Diaz had three children, two daughters and a son. The eldest daughter married Don Ignacio de la Torre, a gentleman of great wealth, but otherwise undistinguished; the younger is still unmarried. The military career of Major Porfirio Diaz, junior, has been uneventful, but without reproach. No children have been born to the President by his second wife (whom he married in 1883), Donna Carmen Romero Rubio, a lady of great charm of manner and a good Huguenot. The President is nearly

forty years older than his wife.

Entirely unlike most rulers of Latin-American countries—with whom indeed he has but few traits in common—Porfirio Diaz has, from the commencement of his political career, proved himself a man of moral probity. With ample opportunity of amassing wealth, he has regarded its acquisition as of little consequence to his ambition; and no personal acquisition or aggrandizement has tempted him to swerve from the strict path of duty and of independence of action. In the social duties of life he has proved himself equally erect, while he has shown himself a good judge of worth in others, no matter in what station of life he has found it. Much of Porfirio Diaz' success as a ruler may be attributed, apart from his sense of honor and justice, to his foresight as a politician, his recognition of the individual rights of citizens, and the capacity for reigning as a practical dictator without necessarily acting as despot. He seems to have thoroughly understood, and to have acted upon, Guizot's maxim that the art of politics is to provide equals for every power for which it cannot provide superiors. Diaz soon discerned that the principal drawback of the republican system of government, and the principal cause of the weakness of the authority to which he had succeeded, were the absence of concentration, the isolation of individuals, and the independence of his representatives. From the very beginning of his almost supreme power he set himself the task of overcoming these drawbacks; and the present peaceful and progressive condition of Mexico is his vindication. Just as in barbarian times, when any individual of superior genius and character was inevitably driven to found a despotism, that is, a government of his own individual will, so, when Porfirio Diaz came into power for the first

time he found it necessary to increase his own authority and, incidentally, that of his successors, and to secure at his disposal everywhere powerful means of enforcing his will. If Por-

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ficio Diaz has been for long a dictator, he has perhaps proved himself one of the mildest and least selfish autocrats whom the world has ever known.

Percy F. Martin.

THE EDUCATIVE VALUE OF THE MODERN MUSEUM.

The imposing ceremony wherewith in June last their Majesties opened the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the magnificence of the buildings which now form the home of our national art collections, could hardly fail to inspire in the minds of those who were present reflections on the changes which have taken place in museums generally during the past generation.

Time was, and not so many years ago, when any museum was merely a receptacle for any and every article which might be considered a curiosity. Who does not remember the singular medley of exhibits which made up the collection in the museum of a county town that boasted such an establishment? An ill-stuffed crocodile, depending from the ceiling; a handful of flint arrow heads, found in the neighbourhood, shared a glass-covered case with bead ornaments from Central Africa, a box of undescribed shells, some bone trifles carved by French prisoners in England during the Napoleonic wars, and other strangely assorted miscellany. On the shelves an array of stuffed birds unrecognizable under the dust and decay of years; gods from the Fiji Islands, ancient cannon balls, weapons from various regions of the earth, made picturesque variety against the walls. Method and arrangement were totally lacking; unless the museum possessed a collection of coins, in which case, it is fair to say, an attempt was made to display them in order. Some of the exhibits were labelled; but not a few bore nothing to

enlighten the visitor as to their identity, origin, or use.

Such displays as these might stimulate curiosity, but their educative value was literally *nil*. The impression a county-town museum left upon the mind of the visitor who had strayed into the place to while away an hour of waiting for his train, or to escape the passing shower, was much the same as that left by the storehouse of a dealer in curios. The place was generally empty save for occasional invasion by small and idle boys; amusement—of a somewhat dismal kind—might be afforded by the miscellany. That it could, or should, provide instruction was an idea that was wholly wanting.

The same absence of idea that a museum might be, or ought to be, instructive was not peculiar to the museum of a provincial town. It obtained in London equally: some of the officials connected with the British Museum in pre-Victorian days possessed more advanced views on this point; but the public, generally, regarded it merely as a storehouse where curiosities were kept for the amusement of those who had spare time to go back and look at them. It was a resort for the idle to gaze and wonder. In the popular esteem it had no other aim or purpose.

It is interesting to turn for a moment to the voluminous mass of evidence taken by the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the management and affairs of the British Mu-

seum in 1835. The views held by most museum officials of those days were as yet undeveloped. Mr. J. G. Children, the curator in charge of the Natural History Department, was asked (Qs. 3364-6):

Q. "While you were employed in arranging the collection in scientific order, did you keep distinctly in view at the same time the making of it attractive to the general public?"

Ans. "Not further than distinctly exhibiting the specimens; there has been no particularly ornamental way of exhibiting them; that has not been considered, nor do I well know how it could be done."

Q. "Do you think it would be consistent with science to arrange the specimens in such a way as to give a slight notion of the habits of a family?"

Ans. "Does the Committee mean by putting them in natural positions? It might be done, though it is not in general done. The effect would depend on the skill of the artist."

In this department, of course, the museum official was dependent upon the skill of the taxidermist: he was not free to give effect to any plans of his own if his ideas had progressed beyond "distinctly exhibiting the specimens." It is not necessary to labor the point: one need only walk through the splendid bird-galleries of the Natural History Museum to see how far we have progressed, and to discover how interesting and instructive the museum curator of our own time, aided by modern taxidermy, makes a case of stuffed birds. The "specimen" of an earlier day told the visitor nothing: that of our own, mounted in a natural pose with its nest and eggs amid artistically preserved natural surroundings, tells him more than he can learn from descriptions in books; more than he can learn in any way short of observing for himself birds in their woodland, meadow, or sea-cliff haunts.

The truth is that until the 'sixties, and perhaps later, we had not progressed beyond the seventeenth-century conception of a museum. "Tradescant's Ark," the earliest museum of which record remains, could not have been very dissimilar from the English provincial museum of forty years ago. John Tradescant, the reader may be reminded, was a gardener of eminence, who is believed to have died in the year 1637: he had a passion for collecting curiosities of all descriptions, and these he exhibited in his house in South Lambeth. A son, also named John, inherited his father's taste, in, apparently, an intensified form: he enlarged the collection and travelled widely in his search for additions to it.

A few quotations from the catalogue of this "Collection of Rarities presently at South Lambeth near London," which was published by John Tradescant junior in 1657, will show its character: "Some kindes of Birds, their Egges, Beaks, Clawes, Feathers and Spurres," "Divers sorts of Egges from Turkie one given for a Dragon's Egge," "Easter Egges of the Patriarch of Jerusalem," "Two feathers of the Phœnix Tayle," "Cherrystone, on one side S. George and Dragon perfectly cut and on the other 88 Emperours' Faces."

This collection eventually came into the possession of Elias Ashmole: he presented it, together with curiosities of his own, in 1683, to Oxford University, which erected the old Ashmolean buildings to accommodate the gift. A museum which contained, among other curiosities, feathers from the tail of the Phœnix and the egg of a dragon, no doubt embraced a great deal else that was false and spurious; but for at least one item posterity owes gratitude to this seventeenth-century museum maker. Tradescant's collection included a stuffed bird of which relles

remain to this day—namely, “a Dodar from the Island of Mauritius”; the head and foot of this dodo, the only remains of the famous bird known, if I am not mistaken, are now treasured in the University Museum of Oxford.

Even as Elias Ashmole's gift formed the nucleus of the museum known by his name at Oxford, so did the collections of Sir Hans Sloane contribute to form that of the British Museum. Public collections were unknown in the seventeenth century, but the few large collections made by private individuals were accessible to those who might wish to see them. Sir Hans Sloane's was the most remarkable of the time; and from the somewhat cursory account of it which appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1748, we are justified in assuming that Sir Hans Sloane recognized the educative possibilities of a museum, and endeavored to make his collection instructive.

When the then Prince and Princess of Wales paid Sir Hans a visit at Chelsea, his collection consisted of over 200,000 objects of various kinds. Natural history specimens collected during fifteen months' residence in Jamaica, where he had held the appointment of physician to the Governor (the Duke of Albermarle) in 1687-8, appear to have formed the beginning; and for about sixty-five years he had continually added to his treasures. There were “tables spread out with drawers fitted with all sorts of precious stones in their native beds” for example; collections of coins, medals, fossils (or “remains of the antediluvian world,” to quote the contemporary account); Greek, Roman, British, and Egyptian antiquities; dried plants and insects, shells, feathers, and other specimens. The *Gentleman's Magazine* refers to the “immense treasures of the valuable and instructive productions of nature and art.” The italics are mine: the words clearly indicate that this

was a collection put together not to appeal only to idle curiosity.

When Sir Hans' museum and his large library became, under the owner's will, the property of the nation, they were deemed sufficiently valuable to be worthy of a proper home: and the collections were placed in Montagu House, which was purchased for the purpose; these, with the Cottonian and Harleian Manuscripts, formed the basis upon which the national collections have been reared.

The educative purpose of Sir Hans Sloane's collections no doubt developed as his museum grew, but we cannot doubt that the original idea was to collect for the sake of collecting. It is impossible for one man to be an expert in every department of science, art, and industry; and to possess any valuable educative quality a collection must be made by one who has closely studied the subject to which it refers, and knows the worth and interest of each item.

Medical men and naturalists were the first to make collections with the definite purpose of gaining and imparting instruction. The famous surgeon John Hunter, for about thirty years, 1763-1793, preserved anything he considered likely to prove useful for subsequent reference to members of his own profession, and his collections became the nucleus of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. The origin of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art is traced to the famous physicians Sir Andrew Balfour (1630-1694) and Robert Sibbald (1641-1722); both were enthusiastic collectors, the former of natural curiosities generally, the latter devoting himself more particularly to zoological specimens, as might be expected of so keen a naturalist.

Sir John Soane (1753-1837) made his collection of paintings, drawings and sculpture, we may fairly assume, in

the spirit of a connoisseur, without educative purpose; he deserves passing mention as one of the public-spirited men who presented the fruits of his taste and industry to the nation during his life-time. The furniture in the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields is now considered the part of the gift best worth seeing, though there are some excellent pictures, notably Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*.

The attitude of the public towards museums generally during our own time was reflected in the speeches made in Parliament when the idea of opening these institutions on Sunday was first mooted.

No small measure of progress in management and classification of collections had been made before the year 1879, when Lord Thurlow's motion to permit access to museums and picture galleries on Sunday afternoons was vetoed in the House of Lords; but those who successfully opposed the innovation had not, it would seem, realized that museum or picture gallery could be otherwise than a place of recreation; of intellectual recreation it is true, but still a place of amusement, and therefore a resort which it would be improper to throw open on Sundays. "Open your museums," they said in effect, "and clamor for the opening of theatres and music halls must inevitably follow"; as though the museum and the music hall existed for identical purposes and what was applicable to the one was applicable to the other.

Some stress was laid by peers who spoke upon the fact that Sunday work would be thrown upon attendants and officials, and this perhaps was the only sound argument advanced; the opponents of the step based their main objection on the plea that it would destroy the character of the British Sunday by affording opportunities of recreation which would pave the way to

the "Continental Sunday" with its work as well as its pleasure. A few speakers referred to museums in broader terms; Viscount Midleton incidentally spoke of them as "places of public instruction and amusement": and when the subject was debated in the House of Commons in 1896, Mr. Thomas Lough, the member for West Islington, spoke of the "useless lessons" to be learned in a museum.

Now I am not prepared to say that they were wrong who insisted upon the "innocent recreation" a visit to the museum on Sunday implies. Assuredly far more people visit museums, whether on Sunday or any of the other six days of the week, in search of pleasure, than visit them for instruction: I have merely glanced at this phase of the subject by way of showing how little the educative possibilities of the museum were realized within the memory of persons not yet middle-aged.

One of our national inconsistencies, and not the least glaring, was swept away when the British Museum and others were made accessible to the public on Sunday afternoons. It was a wise measure, one that had been far too long delayed, but was fully appreciated when it came. It materially widened the scope of usefulness of these institutions; they had been opened three evenings per week till ten o'clock at night as a method of enabling the working classes to visit them; but the average worker did not take sufficient interest in what he might see in a museum to make an expedition thereto after a long day's work.

Who shall venture to assert that the visitor of ordinary intelligence, whether he be workman or schoolboy, who strolls through any one of the great galleries in the Victoria and Albert Museum, whether among pictures, sculpture, wood carving, armor, porcelain, textiles, or what you will, does

not carry away therefrom some new impression? Who can say of the large majority that what they see does not kindle the spark of a new interest and turn their thoughts in a new direction? Much more do the children, more impressionable than the parents they accompany, gain new ideas from this glimpse of strange worlds; the ideas may be vague and nebulous, but the seed has been sown and a crop may follow.

Dr. John Edward Grey, one of the pioneers of what I may call the modern museum movement, said in the address he delivered before the British Association (Section D) at Bath in 1864, that the purposes for which a museum was established were two: first the diffusion of instruction and rational amusement among the mass of the people, and secondly to afford the scientific student every possible means of examining and studying the specimens of which the collections consist.

We may take it that if a collection of any kind is to convey instruction, it must be properly classified and displayed; its arrangement must be such as to enable the uninformed visitor to trace the progress which has been made in the course of centuries. An admirable example of chronological arrangement occurs to mind in the series of rooms in the Victoria and Albert Museum wherein are exhibited the earthenware and porcelain of various ages and countries, from the pottery of Ancient Egypt to the Worcester and Chelsea products of our own age.

Not every collection lends itself to chronological arrangement with perfect facility; but the instructional value of any, whether of art, arms, or domestic appliances, depends so largely upon arrangement that those who realize the true purpose of a museum lay the greatest stress upon it.

The custodians of our national col-

lections are unfortunately handicapped in this part of their work. The donations and bequests which are received from private individuals form no small part of the public possessions, and these are frequently given or bequeathed with the stipulation that the collection shall be kept together as a complete unit.

Such stipulation, natural as it is, must, as I venture to think, do something to retard the progress of the modern museum ideal; which, as the late Sir W. H. Flower said in his presidential address to the Museums Association in 1893, is "not only the simple preservation of the objects contained in it, but also their arrangement in such a manner as to provide for the instruction of those who visit it." Our national collections profit enormously from private munificence in the shape of gift, bequest and loan, but it is to be regretted that gifts and bequests should so often be accompanied by a stipulation which prevents the greatest educational use being obtained from them.

A striking instance of the control exercised by testators over their bequests may be cited. A certain valuable collection of paintings was bequeathed to the nation with the proviso that the pictures should not be exhibited on Sunday. The works comprised in the collection might be, and are, distributed in appropriate rooms; and the Sunday afternoon visitor is confronted by green baize coverings with which the canvases on that day are shrouded in order to comply with the terms of the bequest.

So far I have referred only to the incidental educational uses of a museum; to the effect the exhibits may produce, it may be almost insensibly, upon the visitor who resorts thither without idea of gaining advantage in the shape of mental improvement. There is another class for whom the

museum caters; a much smaller class, but one whose importance is not to be estimated by its numerical strength.

Dr. Grey, whose name was mentioned on a former page, laid it down as the secondary object of a museum that it should afford facilities to the student—the man or woman who goes regularly to the galleries with a definite educative purpose in view. The importance of considering the needs of the student has long been recognized by setting apart certain days of the week on which special facilities are given for study by the exclusion of the general public—or more accurately by the levying of a small fee which limits the attendance of the crowd.

I have not been able to ascertain when the system of "student days" was introduced; but it has obtained, so far as the British Museum is concerned, for at least seventy-five years.

The art student of the eighteenth century enjoyed no such opportunities as are accessible to the art student of a later age. He counted himself fortunate if, by favor of influential friends, his promise as an artist obtained for him the privilege of admission to the studio of some great painter whose works he might study and whose methods he could copy. Apart from such opportunity he might, also by influence, obtain access to the private gallery of some wealthy collector and patron of art: but these opportunities were insignificant by comparison with the range of study open to the young artist of to-day. The eighteenth-century student, unless he had means and could travel, was confined to observation of works necessarily limited in number and in style.

It is permissible to think that this limitation of opportunity for study may, to some extent at least, explain why English art lagged in its development: why, until about the middle of the eighteenth century, the major-

ity of great painters who worked in England were of foreign birth and training. Whatever the talent or means of the student of the present day our national collections afford equal opportunities to all: thanks to our museums and art galleries no beginner, however humble, need lack the models nor the examples of great masters to cultivate his style.

It may not be generally realized how much of improvement in the public taste we owe to our national collections. When Sir Richard, then Mr., Westmacott, R.A., was examined before the Select Committee before mentioned in 1835, he made some interesting and significant statements regarding the use made of the Elgin marbles: "I think," he said, "that the improvement of the taste of the country since the acquisition of the Elgin marbles is quite extraordinary." Sir Richard was also asked whether much improvement followed in any other department of art from the purchase of the Hamilton vases. He replied that a great variety of domestic articles were improved in shape and form: the models offered by these vases had "improved the potteries and gave new and more elegant forms to the productions of the potteries."

The Elgin marbles, it is hardly necessary to say, were acquired by the nation in the year 1816; the less familiar "Hamilton Vases" were acquired from Sir William Hamilton, the diplomat and archaeologist, in 1772; the collection consisted of Greek antiquities, and formed a very valuable addition to the Museum.

Of necessity it rarely happens that an addition to the Museum is productive of such direct influence upon the taste and the art of the time, but it cannot be doubted that the taste of those who visit the collections is, sensibly or insensibly, formed and elevated, though it may not be possible

to point to any definite stimulus such as cited by Sir Richard Westmacott in 1835.

A very heavy responsibility rests upon those who buy for, and upon the experts who are in charge of, our great collections. Few probably of those who enter the British Museum or other of our great national treasure houses, are aware that the exhibits represent only a small proportion of the objects housed under that roof; that there are, packed away for lack of space to show them, vast quantities of articles of all kinds.

Fewer still perhaps realize how great is the knowledge and discrimination possessed by those upon whom rests the task of selecting objects for exhibition from among the stores at their disposal. The museum curator must be a specialist in his department, whether it be modern art, ancient leather work, arms or coins; and he must be something more: he must possess understanding of popular taste and seek to educate while he gratifies it; he has, as it were, to *edit* the collections under his charge and make the most and, at the same time, the best of them in the space, always limited, at his disposal.

Looking round the magnificent halls of the Victoria and Albert Museum the visitor might be pardoned if he reflected that here the curator's demand for space and more space was at last satisfied. No doubt it is satisfied for a time, but it can only be for a time. The greatest, the fundamental difficulty of conducting a museum is that of finding space for the exhibition of collections which it is the primary duty of the curators to enlarge. "A finished museum is a dead museum," to quote the pithy remark of a great American authority.

A museum to which well-chosen additions are not being continually made, a museum which is not kept up to

date, loses its educative value, and for instructional purposes is no more use than an uncompleted book. Hence the ideal museum building would be one whose conspicuous quality was elasticity; one built upon a site which would allow of periodical addition as circumstances required: an ideal obviously impossible of attainment when the first condition of utility is that the museum shall be accessible to the greatest number of visitors—in other words, be situated in a large city where land is sold by the square foot.

This space question of course is of greatest moment to our national collections, which embrace exhibits of every description from Egyptian mummies to postage stamps; and this suggests the reflection that the national museum and the provincial museum have, or should have, different scope. It is out of the question for the local museum to emulate the national with any but ludicrous results; it has neither the funds nor the opportunity to make its collections all-embracing; it is the willingness with which the county-town museum has accepted gifts of all sorts and descriptions which makes it the heterogeneous jumble we so frequently find.

The local museum, as I venture to think, should be modestly local in its aims. It should seek to acquire collections of articles of local interest, natural, antiquarian, industrial, and artistic. Fossils, ancient Roman remains and natural history specimens obtained in the neighborhood possess stronger interest when shown on the spot than when sent to some distant city, and they are appropriate to the local museum.

Examples of local industries, iron-work, wood carving, lace, or what not, displayed in proper chronological order, would possess both interest and utility—an interest and utility which must increase as time passes, when so

many of our old local industries have fallen into decay.

Another matter to which our provincial museums might most profitably devote themselves is the collection of old-time domestic appliances and utensils: these varied to a remarkable degree in different parts of England, in material and shape. Take so commonplace an item as the jug: an expert in those articles can tell at once in what district it was made and assign to it the period of its making. In some parts of the country leather jugs were in regular use; in others, wooden vessels built up in pieces bound together with hoops. The local pottery of England is a study in itself. Then there are those appliances which were common to all the country, but are not for that reason less well worth preservation in the museum of the county where they have been found. Some of these things, once familiar in every cottage, are gone so long and so completely out of use that few persons living know what they are.

A friend of mine, some little time since, was going over an old house in a quiet part of Surrey, where a sale was about to take place. Among the objects catalogued were two wooden pedestals, each carrying an iron implement resembling a long and narrow pair of pincers. That they had puzzled the auctioneer who compiled the catalogue was evident, for he had grouped them with some other small matters as "et cetera." My friend found his companions debating the use of the appliances, and he, having some knowledge of these matters, was able to explain that the articles were rush-light holders, the predecessors of the modern candlestick, which would have been useless to uphold the limp and slender rushlight of a past age.

Let our local museums, then, devote their funds and their space to exhibits of local interest. The strange and ill-

assorted "collection" made by some resident during his travels in Africa or his service in India, and bestowed upon the museum not infrequently because the owner has no room to house it himself, is entirely out of place there.

The system under which selections of pictures, sculpture, and other objects of art are sent out from the national collections to be exhibited for a time in provincial towns has been in vogue for some years, and it goes far to relieve the local museum from the necessity for attempting to form such a collection for itself.

The Museums Association, founded in 1888, is a body which has done much useful work without ostentation, and with little notice from the public at large. Among its objects are—to secure the better and more systematic working of museums throughout the kingdom; to promote the interchange of duplicates and surplus specimens; to secure models and casts; to prepare loan collections of an educational character for circulation among schools; to promote lectures to working men; and to secure a uniform plan of arranging natural history collections.

I have not given the full list of objects, but those mentioned serve to show the nature of the work to which the Association has set its hands; more especially I wish to draw attention to the preparation of loan collections for educational purposes. This scheme is one which appears to me deserving of the greatest encouragement and assistance. It is a practical endeavor to turn to the best account the educational possibilities of the museum, and bring them within reach of the young in a manner which will enable them to profit thereby.

At the same time, masters of private schools in our provincial towns may well consider whether they cannot make use of such museums as the

Victoria and Albert on their own initiative. The schoolmaster who should bring a selected party of his boys to visit these great collections would, I

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am convinced, find that the experience proved both interesting and instructive to them.

Walter Gilbey.

AS IT HAPPENED.

BOOK IV.

HARD NUTS AND SOFT KERNELS.

CHAPTER II.

NO. 6, CATHERINE COURT.

"Ah, Mr. Hippisley, I am fortunate in finding you disengaged—although I fear I shall prove an unwelcome caller, as usual."

The speaker was the rector of St. Olave's, a grave, shy, middle-aged man with the pale, delicately featured face of a scholar. He had known the Quaker by sight for twenty years, and had distrained upon his goods five times for church rates. It was by the purest chance in the world, the accident of a copy of St. Augustine's *Confessions* in the original Greek having been seized, five years since (by mistake, in a table drawer), that he had discovered in this recalcitrant secretary a kindred spirit, a fellow-student, and the one and only man in his parish with whom he could converse upon equal terms.

"Amazing!" exclaimed the rector when the light dawned upon him—the fellow could, and did, read Plato with his feet upon the fender, albeit he preferred the Fathers. He could give whole screeds of Chrysostom *ore rotundo*, at a moment's notice; he knew, positively *knew*, his Testament from end to end in the original, and was familiar with the apocryphal gospels and epistles. Yet the man would be damned, infallibly damned, sir; no help for him! He was not only schismatic, but unbaptized—frightful! "Don't blame me, Mr. Hippisley; I wouldn't singe a hair of your wig, my-

self, but, positively, I see no hope of escape for ye; I couldn't even plead invincible ignorance for ye—I can only thank my stars the matter is out of my hands, and leave ye to the uncovanted mercies of the Almighty!"

"Where I am well content to be left, my friend," the Quaker had replied, and, exchanging amicable pinches, the disputants had parted for the time. But they met again, and when they met they disputed, politely, as the learned who respect one another's learning, have at last learnt to dispute, but neither had ever crossed the threshold of the other (a counting-house was another matter, and was only entered by the rector upon business, his own business, as upon the present occasion).

"I trust thou art well, Friend Tomlyn," said Hippisley, beaming kindly over his spectacles upon his caller. "Wilt thou sit? What is it—another of thy church rates on the stocks?"

"Launched, my dear sir: have ye not seen the demand-note? I just looked in to put ye upon your guard. I know it is little use asking ye to be reasonable, but let us have no mistakes this time. I profess I believe ye take joyfully the spoiling of your goods—I don't. If anything ye really value is taken, 'tis I shall be distressed" (chuckling ruefully); "Indeed, I shall make it my business to buy it in and return it, I warn ye now! So spare my feelings—and pocket. Come, the men shall look in on Wednesday

week (Fourth Day, you call it, don't ye?). They shall have orders to enter the first floor front. Am I right? I thank ye." Hippisley had smilingly nodded. "The amount, with their charges, will be five thirteen nine, a monstrous sum, I admit; but 'tis your own obduracy that piles it up. But we won't go into that—"

"I thank thee, friend, for the forbearance——!"

"Ironical, as usual, Mr. Hippisley. But, to these arrangements—can we?—shall I?"

"I will leave thee with my clerk presently," said Hippisley, who knew that between Jasper and the rector a perfect understanding subsisted, and that the raiders would find a bag containing the precise sum required upon the table of the first room which they entered.

"Nay, do not rise, unless indeed thou art pressed for time, and I think I am the only one of our people in thy parish. I desire thy advice——"

"Indeed?" The visitor was all polite attention and solicitude; advice!—this was a new departure. "I shall be most happy to place my poor abilities at your service."

"Thou hast possibly heard of the recent additions to my household."

The rector nodded non-committally, he had heard—reports, most of which he had frankly disbelieved. He was no busybody; he trusted his old neighbor, and whilst feeling bound to deplore his prospects in the life to come, would have gone bail for his good behavior in this to any amount whatever.

Thus encouraged, Hippisley unfolded the story of Susan's marriage. He told it slowly, accurately, and without comment or embellishment. The rector heard him to the end, steady-eyed, an excellent listener (which is more than can be said for some of his cloth).

"Poor child!" he murmured, when the tale came to an end; he had met her in the lane twice or thrice, and, like everyone else, had been struck by her beauty, her grace, and modesty.

"Is she married?" asked Hippisley, coming to the point.

"That depends upon whether the person who read the service was in orders," replied the rector, nursing his knee. "Irregularities of time, and so forth, are really immaterial; the honest intention goes for something (not for everything, as you Quakers have had occasion to know; it took an Act of Parliament to legalize your marital relations)." Hippisley nodded. "But the Church has never been extreme in the matter—has always leaned to the protection of the woman and her offspring. A ceremony otherwise irregular, if performed *in facie ecclesie* would hold good, even if violence were employed, as in these Irish abductions. But you don't allege——?"

"There was no violence. And I cannot say whether the officiating clerk was in orders or no. This paper is all we have to go upon."

"It is just possible that I may be able to ascertain that for you; it seems material, very material. *Oct.*—that will be Octavius, doubtless, *Baskett*. I wonder if the name be assumed or real? *M.A.* That is a clue. We will try to trace him through his university."

"My friend Thomas Furley has identified the house," said Hippisley, "between the Saracen's Head and Martin Outwich, but Camomile Street is not in thy parish——"

"Immaterial. If he will furnish me with the address, or, better still, accompany me, I will try what I can get from this woman. And, now, as you are obviously busy——" the rector got his heels under him and arose, extending his hand, "and, whilst I think of it, that exhortation to follow bishops

and pastors occurs in *Ignatius to the Smyrnæans.*"

"It does; in that disputable last chapter. Did it come to thee too after our chat? But thou wilt do well not to rest too much upon it."

"You consider it an interpolation?"

"There is a suspiciously late construction, and, at best, it is unapostolic in feeling (written at a time when church organization was changing), and plainly with a bias; the writer holds a brief for the New, which was ousting the Old."

"Eh? How so? I really fail—"

"*Episkopos*—originally a secular office, and quite secondary, as I read it, created to relieve the travelling evangelist from detail, and give him more liberty—was beginning to usurp the apostolic authority."

"So? You will be telling me that the coadjutor (chancellor, rather, the man upon the spot who kept the purse) outgrew his ordinary?"

"Who must have been often absent,—on the road, or in hiding, or in prison."

"Plausible, but unproven, Mr. Hippisley. I should like to see your data. But, whatever the origin of the change, the Church sanctioned it."

"Condoned it, and much beside—persecution—"

"Oh, you Friends! Do you never forgive?"—moving towards the door. "But I must be going. By the by, might I?—just a word with Mr. Tutty? And, whilst I think of it, send that rough-hewn proselyte of yours round to the rectory this evening. We may discover something. A hard case—a sad case!"

But the woman of the house in Camomile Street was by this time aware, and by dint of lapses of memory, impossible suggestions, and lying of the futile-obvious sort, defeated her interrogators by impressing the clergyman with the worthlessness of truth itself from such lips.

"This here's a-gettin' too hot-like," muttered the harridan as she watched them leave, her eye to a hole in the dirty blind, and, going upstairs, fetched and pawned the belongings left in her charge by Baskett.

Cambridge knew nothing of the man, but Oxford owned to having bestowed upon him her Bachelorship of Arts (not the Mastership of the signature). He had come up from Shrewsbury. Here was a clue worth following. The Rev. James Atcherley, M.A., Head of Shrewsbury School, had the name upon his books, and suggested reference to a certain Lord Duddingstone, who was reputed to have paid the school fees for the lad whilst *in statu pupillari*. The Rev. Eustace Tomlyn, now hot upon the scent, and reporting progress to Friend Hippisley whenever they met in the street, addressed a civil letter to my lord and took a rebuff.

As a matter of fact, the courteous request for information as to the clerical status of his late amanuensis came before the Viscount upon one of his bad days. The gout was holding him by his most sensitive toe; he had just had a terrific scene with the Hon. Frederick, who, being discovered up to his eyes in debt at Colchester, had been compelled to exchange into a regiment of the King's Hanoverians quartered at Gibraltar, and was by way of being shipped thither at short notice to escape worse. The wretch had wept and writhed upon the carpet, confessing to enormities that raised his unhappy father's gorge, and at length had been forcibly removed from the room and house, and put upon shipboard at Gravesend under arrest and with strictly empty pockets.

This was the March convoy, the one which rendezvoused in the Solent. Travis sailed by it, unknown to his old enemy, restored to his name and position, an ensign in the 12th Regiment

of Foot, but with letters which would ensure his being "lent" to the Garrison Artillery, a corps which stood in need of young officers of education and ingenuity. Hence the lad took with him the latest works in French, English, and German, and a head full of elevations, muzzle-velocities, bursting-charges, time-fuses, and the composition of powders and light balls, long and short chases, and whatever else was engaging the attention of the one scientific corps in the British Army of that day. Justin saw him off, not with empty pockets, and with more than a half promise to follow him, for Chester had been drawn blank, and Sue having been traced to London in company with a lady who was going to Gibraltar, and an Irish major who was believed to have been subsequently seen with her in the Park, and who was thought to have sailed for the Rock (although the name was a difficulty), it was conceivable that the lost girl might have drifted thither.

But why? and in what capacity? There were tragic possibilities about this, or any, theory of the poor child's disappearance, which the men dared not discuss with one another. She was but eighteen—think of it; and so utterly inexperienced. Her brother's face hardened and aged. He blamed himself. "She needed me. She must have written: whilst I—!" Justin hoped doggedly on.

In a word, every clue had failed them, nor did lavish offers of reward bring further information.

Gibraltar was the last hope. Travis was impatient to be gone.

That he, Justin assisting, had exhausted the potentialities before sailing, goes without saying. Their attempts to interest Miss Camilla Draycott in the quest had failed. That lady's attitude was inexplicable to her nephew, who knew nothing of the recognition in the Park, nor that the Rev.

Eustace Tomlyn had preceded him with unavailing appeals, and that her young kinsman's urgent requests for an interview were construed by the bitter little spinster as designs upon her pocket. Her door remained obstinately closed. She passes out of this story. Let us pity her. Of all sinners the loveless is the most certainly and severely punished.

Is this discursive? Possibly. the threads of this story are for the moment not so much entangled as wind-borne and dispersed. Let us catch, then, at my Lord Duddingstone in his character as a correspondent. The noble Viscount's (new) amanuensis, obviously writing under dictation, besought the Rev. E. Tomlyn to believe that his lordship rejoiced to attest the fact that the man Baskett was an ingrate scoundrel and a common thief, consistent to the last, in that having embezzled from his benefactor, he had since robbed the gallows by self-destruction.

His lordship further requested the Rev. E. Tomlyn to address him no further upon a subject at once painful and unsavory, and begged permission of the Rev. E. Tomlyn to subscribe himself his most obedient servant.

"Final, this? eh, Mr. Hippisley?" queried the clergyman, with a lifting eyebrow, showing the letter.

"He has not answered thy question."

"In so many words? No. But his silence is probably inadvertent. I have ascertained that there is no Baskett in orders in this diocese, nor in the province of Canterbury."

"I thank thee, friend, for thy labors. There is no more to be done in the matter. It would seem that there was no legal marriage."

"No legal marriage," echoed the rector mournfully. "Poor child! You are a kind friend to her, Hippisley, a very father. I wish I could think that ye

will reap your reward—elsewhere."

The old Quaker blinked in silence, still upon his feet, awaiting the delayed departure of his visitor, who seemed to have something yet upon his mind, probably the usual something. Out it came.

"You *must* know, Hippisley, a man with your mind, your head, your reading! 'Tis frightful; I think of ye at night. You officiate as a minister, I believe (is that the word?) among your people—"

"Nay, I have never felt liberty to open my lips in meeting—I have no message."

"Really? You surprise me! What is your Society thinking about? How can it spare ye? And, to think—!" The rector, forgetful of the business which had brought him, went forth into the court suppressing the conclusion of his remark, painfully percipient of a proximate waste of excellent material. Oh, the pathos of damning so ripe a scholar and so lucid and charitable a soul upon general principles!

And time ran, and the lengthening days of March stirred the slowly moving blood in old veins; in those of Mr. Phanuel Hippisley, to wit.

For a fortnight after Susan's first appearance at morning "reading" (family worship), her host had secretly resented, deprecated, and disapproved. He was not used to young people of either sex. Never in all the long, dry decades of a strenuously quiet life had he had anything to do with a "young person." As a little, plain-featured, poring boy, "too fond of his book ever to make a man of business," and with "nothing in him," he had been snubbed and sat upon by his own sex and ignored by the other. Driven in upon himself for sources of recreation and respect, he had had no occasion to "make a covenant with his eyes that they should not look upon a maid";

poverty, an abstemious habit, and the engrossments of long business hours, the midnight oil of the student, yea, and the maids themselves, had seen to that. A confirmed bachelor at twenty, he had never tried to change his condition. Incidentally he had given the lie to those who had thought ill of his parts, having quietly out-stayed competitors, and by dint of living upon a very little, and seldom making a mistake, had come into his own, and a considerable measure of other people's. The old gentleman was reputed to be very rich, and knew himself to be well-to-do. He was immensely respected, as any man is likely to be whose few bare words are always and absolutely true, whilst enough of his subterranean beneficence had worked to the surface to save him from the stigma of miserliness.

Yet this queer old stick was not happy. Not that he was miserable. His past lay even and white behind him, drab at its worst, nothing there seriously to challenge self-respect; as to his future, he had long since come to an understanding with himself, with which we have nothing to do. It was his present, the life which was daily slipping through him faster and ever faster (Lord, how swift are the years of the old—even as the weaver's shuttle!)—the transitoriness of things, I say, which gently troubled him at times when his active day was over, his work well done, freight secured, disputes amicably settled, the affairs of the Hippisley Fleet maintained upon their normal footing of sound workmanship and honest *personnel*. 'Twas at the fag-ends of laborious days such as these that a pining emptiness came over him; a craving for—what? His life had been as well lived as he knew how; no regret gnawed at his heart, yet "one thing, one at his soul's full scope," either he had missed, or itself had missed him.

It was there, somewhere within him, this clamant, unnamed inhabitant; not a disease, surely? Nor a premonitory weakening of the brain? He satisfied himself upon both points. What, then; spiritual declension? He betook himself to prayer and deadened the unwelcome voice, for a time.

With the coming of Susan the unrest revived. Its recrudescence was laid at her door with a conscious injustice that provoked reprisals. She was "in the way." (She slept in the hitherto unused attic, took her meals with those who enjoyed her company, and seldom crossed his path except at morning and evening exercises.) But the house "was not convenient" for such an inmate. (Pure selfishness, this, answered curtly enough by common sense to the effect that the young woman's presence was temporary and unavoidable.)

But 'twas the house divided (a division wholly unsuspected by the second floor and attics); Hippisley was found commiserating himself upon an unspecified "disturbance to his habits"; Phanuel riposting with denial of the fact, and congratulations to the firm upon having been instrumental for once in helping somebody with no claim upon it. Every morning was the silent dispute renewed, every evening, after a couple of hours over *Ignatius to the Philadelphians* or *The Similitudes of Hermas*, the dual personality found peace upon its knees.

Susan's appearance at the Quaker's Meeting House, Grace-church Street, twice every First Day, and again on Fourth Day forenoons at the mid-week meeting (during which excursion the office was closed and locked), created what one may perhaps describe as a silent uproar. The household, a party of five, was the subject of decorous speculations in the women's lobby. Hippisley occupied a seat under the minister's gallery, detached, unap-

proachable. The Tuttys, as was to be expected in the case of elderly and regular members, had seats not far below his, one upon either side, for the Friends separated the sexes during worship. Susan was left to the care of Furley, and all the younger friends agreed that it was pretty to see the burly mariner piloting the sweet, sad-eyed young creature to a seat hard by the door, and taking a place as near to her as the width of the dividing gangway permitted.

The Hippisley boarding-house became a byword; his fellow members watched these successive and surprising additions to his household with wonder, awaiting developments; the man himself, a tight-lipped, strong-willed personage, entrenched behind a lifelong habit of reserve, invited no approaches. But what did those poor Tuttys think of it?

It appeared that the Tuttys, both man and wife, made a pleasure of it. Dear Thomas Furley was such company, such experiences, so interesting, so genuine, so simple, so truly good! Whilst, as for Susan Tighe, she was a dear! Thus Jemima, her husband concurring.

Mother Nature had made the girl of noble materials, at once fine and strong. The instincts of wife and mother moved graciously within her; she would dry a gutter-baby's tears and carry it over a crowded crossing. At the sight of frayed buttonholes her thimble burnt in her pocket.

"What is it makes thee so nice. Susan Tighe?" old Jemima would ask, peering at the girl with faded eyes over the rims of double-convex glasses. "I never bore but one child, and the poor little mite died at the week's end, and Jasper and I haven't had much to say to other Friends' children (and there's no young people living in the court nowadays). No; I can't say I'm

much given to the young, or taken up with their ways, but——”

“But——” Sue’s sweetness and willingness had carried her straight into the poor, dry old heart, affording it four months of placid enjoyment, and a seven years’ aftermath of gentle, loving regret: daylight thoughts of that bitter spring when the grim old house blossomed, and darkling bedside prayers for the unforgotten girl, ringed about by the cannon-smoke; strange environment! Yes, Susan was more than welcome.

Also, it was quite understood all round that the arrangement was of a temporary character; the young person’s husband having preceded her to some port to which one of the Hippisley brigs was bound, a passage out had been arranged for her under Thomas Furley, and this being “gathered,” the exercised minds of women Friends who had concerned themselves in matters which in no wise touched them were at rest.

But the mind of Phanel Hippisley became less and less at rest as the weeks slipped past.

The March days lengthened and the suns of early April warmed the forenoons. The sooty-eated city sparrows were now carrying straws. A thrush sang of mornings in the tree-tops in the Tower moat. Sue could hear the trills through her open attice-casement, beginning before the clack of the mallets began in Cooper’s Row—a sound reminding her sadly of America Square. Everybody was so kind to her; these dear, sweet, old folks were goodness itself. It would grieve her to the heart to leave them; but yet—oh, to be sailing south—south! to Con, to her husband! all should yet be explained and put right.

But with Phanel Hippisley were perplexity and indecision. That one-sided fit of resentment at the girl’s un-

seasonable presence in his house had been brief. It had been followed by a genuine and disinterested concern for her welfare.

As to this elusive and dubious husband, he had been able to assure himself that no such person as Major Cornelius Boyle—or Tighe—held a commission in the British Army. (That he might be in King George’s Hanoverian service did not occur to him.) Still, Thomas Furley’s testimony was not to be lightly set aside. A man, an Irishman, believed to be the man, had sailed for Gibraltar, and Sue, having learnt of this, was for following him as way might open. Hippisley, with a heavy heart, set himself to open the way.

Yes, Furley was very positive as to that Irishman’s identity, too positive, indeed, but Thomas was not a born Friend. Had not Jasper Tutty, who was upon terms with the managing clerks of all the shipping houses in the City and Surrey side, got sight of that transport’s manifest? Neither a Major Boyle nor a Major Tighe had sailed by the *Mary of Shoreham*, nor had she (ostensibly) cleared for Gibraltar; but, with hostilities upon the point of breaking out, that might very well be a blind. Troops were undoubtedly on board, and under the command of a Major St. John, who was to land them at a place called Pendennis, a port unknown to Tutty.

The whole thing was ambiguous, a puzzle to No. 6 Catherine Court; a puzzle to which the attentive reader holds the clue.

Early in their acquaintanceship her host had put the above inquiry on foot. He was still unsatisfied.

“Thy position seems singularly forlorn, Susan. Apart from this unnatural aunt, hast thou no relative living?”

“Only my brother Draycott, sir, a servitor at Christ Church College, Ox-

ford. Oh yes, I wrote to him three weeks and more ago."

"Didst thou post the cover thyself?" inquired Hippisley, making a note of name and address.

"Major Tighe took it to Lombard Street for me, sir," replied the girl, without suspicion that her husband had suppressed the letter.

Hippisley nodded over pursed lips. A man of few words, who seldom announced his intentions, he wrote to a member of his society at Oxford, a watchmaker, and a fortnight later was perusing the reply.

"Aldate's, Oxford,
"2nd mo. 20, 1779.

"Respected Friend. Phanuel Hippisley,—

"In reply to thine of 2nd Month 12th, I am free to tell thee that I have had some personal Acquaintance with the young Person in whom thou art interesting thyself, and after an Inter-course extending over two and a half Years, know nothing of my own Knowledge to his Disparagement.

"I gathered from him that he was an Orphan, and although in a menial Position in his College, Christ Church (so-called), he always impressed me both by his Conversation and Behavior as of genteel Upbringing. He was studious beyond most of the Youth here, and was so from his first coming up, which is unusual among them, for such of them as read at all are wont to delay their Reading until their last Year. My young Friend, for so I must still call him, did not fall into this idle Habit, but cultivated the Society of Books rather than of Men, and of Students and ingenious Persons rather than of People of consideration, and was in a fair Way to have taken a good Degree, when certain regrettable Occurrences (of which I have no particular Knowledge) made it needful for him to take his Name off the Books of his College.

"I believe him to have been hardly used, and whilst reprobating the Haste and Violence which he is reported to have displayed, can measurably feel for him.

"Of his present Address I am ignorant, nor should I feel free to disclose it, having his Welfare at Heart.

"I think it due to his Credit to tell thee that a small Loan which he contracted upon the Eve of his Leaving, has within the past Week been repaid, notwithstanding that no Time had been set for payment, my young Friend making no Secret of his Destitution and want of Prospects when accepting the Accommodation.

"I remain,
"Thy Friend Sincerely,
"Samuel Prosser.

"To Phanuel Hippisley,
"Number 6, Catherine Court,
"Tower Hill, London."

The recipient of the above letter read, folded, docketed and laid it aside without remark. This was the sort of news which was almost worse than none. To an absconding husband was now to be added an unsatisfactory, or at least an unproducible brother; a young person who, from whatever cause, had forfeited the benefits of his college course, and was a fugitive from justice.

Yet it pleased the old gentleman to find his judgment verified, for it had seemed to him from the first that this graceful, soft-spoken young woman, the *protégée* of his lodger's lodger, was come of good stock.

This guest had won her way to the hearts of her entertainers. With the Tuttys she had been Susan from the first, but Furley had yet to come to an understanding with himself as to her proper style. Some consciousness of a higher social grade checked the easy flow of his colloquial goodwill. Nor was his tongue as yet perfect in the plain language of the sect of his adop-

tion, and, with all the desire in the world to conform, and with all the newborn zeal of a proselyte, the good soul made strange work of the girl's name. "Susan Tighe, ma'am," or "Miss Susan, my dear," were common form, occasionally complicated by "Miss Susan, ma'am," and other combinations, "Ma'am, my gal," and even "Sue, my pretty," and so forth, followed by hasty corrections when consciousness supervened, and relapses upon which the girl smiled as she smiled upon all her hosts, for "the dearest and kindest creatures in the world."

Susan smiled! She had begun to smile again. God had given her a great heart and a springing courage. It was her nature to be happy and to see to it that those around her should share in her happiness. She smiled, and a gleam of sunshine crossed the dingiest room upon the dullest day, and the hearts of her housemates rejoiced.

Youth had come to dwell with them for a season. It might have been fifty years since young feet had tripped up and down that dark stair. Sue's presence awoke old memories, filled their bosoms with pleasant tremors, startled, delighted, and refreshed them. The girl was so gentle, so handy, so grateful, so clever. Jemima Tutty's sight had been failing of late, her master's linen was not what it had been. Men see nothing; but critical, middle-aged Quaker spinsters observed, pitied, and remarked. But now, since February was out, they perceived that these deficiencies had been remedied. A new needle, swift and competent, was at work. The recipient of these daily mercies was less perceptive; another month must pass ere he, so rapid and accurate at figures, was to put two and two together and make—Susan!

Ashton Hilliers.

(To be continued.)

SAIGON.

BY SIR HUGH CLIFFORD, K.C.M.G.

LA RUE CATINAT.

Amidst the strife of clamorous speeches

And eager, gold-snatching hands,
The soul grows faint for the yellow beaches,
The loneliness of the wind-swept reaches,

And the calm of Eastern lands.
My foot is a thrill for the steel of the stirrup,

My palms are astir for the grip of an oar,
The whole of my body is sick for the sea

And the peace of a desolate shore.

—*The End.*

We had sighted Cap St. Jacques shortly after midday, and thereafter

had come to anchor under the lee of the three rounded hills, which are the only landmarks of the sort visible anywhere in the flat landscape of Cochin-China. There we had anchored to await the tide, grilling by a vertical sun, and with nothing to look at save a smooth white floor of sea, and the big, square, ugly French buildings which disfigured the foreshore. Later we had begun to make our way cautiously up the zigzag of the Saigon river, every turn of which seemed about to lead us back again to our starting-point—the three isolated knolls at Cap St. Jacques. There are eight-and-forty miles of this river to be traversed between the mouth and

Saigon, though the distance as the crow flies cannot be as much as a dozen miles. No attempt has been made to abridge the journey by means of canals from point to point in places where the stream forms one of its innumerable figures of eight; hardly any attempt even has been made to mark the fairway, and we got well aground once, and touched bottom time and again. The country on every side and as far as the eye could carry, was flat as the palm of one's hand, and covered with mean scrub. It all had the air of the amphibian, and the squalid native villages which here and there rose inglorious from the mud looked as though they were in the habit of spending as much of their time under as above water-level. Yet this failed to impart to them any semblance of cleanliness. Instead, they seemed to be coated dreadfully with the foul slime and ooze into which they had been dipped. The depressed, flat-featured natives who squatted about them nicely matched their surroundings. The whole was strangely suggestive of some mean parasite life which had spawned uncleanly in uncleanly places. I was glad when the sun sank behind heavy black clouds and shut out from sight the melancholy scene.

Saigon greeted us with a thunderous downpour of rain,—rain such as falls only in these latitudes,—and with difficulty I stowed myself and my shirt-case into a rickshaw, and was dragged off to a hotel in the Rue Catinat. I sat under the low hood with the apron drawn high to keep as much of the wet out as would consent to be excluded, and I could see nothing until, with blinded eyes, I staggered out into the glare of innumerable electric arc-lights. A big *place* lay before me, flanked on one side by the opera-house and on three by hotels and *cafés*. The blazing arc-lights fell fully upon the

shining wet asphalt, upon the trees ranged in orderly rows along the sides of the streets, upon the verandas of the hotels and *cafés*, which were brilliantly illuminated, and which were crowded by men and women seated at small tables, talking, drinking, and listening to music. Bands, hidden somewhere at opposite sides of the *place*, in turn burst out into some light and tripping air, and once in a while when these were silent the voice of a singer—the voice of a man, florid and luscious and evil, you could *hear* the heavy, sensuous jowl above the vast and flowing necktie—defiled the purity of the night with words which were received with rounds of delighted laughter and approbation.

I leaned out of the window of my hotel and watched this scene for near an hour, and again and again I had to rub my eyes and to force myself to remember that this in truth was Asia. The sallow rickshaw coolies and the drivers perched on the boxes of the little victorias drawn by two small rats of ponies,—these and the soft-footed Chinese servants who served the inmates of the *cafés* were the only Orientals within sight: the rest were white men and white women of sorts, and the Rue Catinat was a little tawdry pandemonium of their creation. *Le Français ne s'échappe jamais de la France*: so much is known to all of us. But somehow this artificially engineered imitation seemed to have strayed woefully far from its original, and in the process to have acquired an added garishness, a new squalor, a peculiar ugliness and degradation. Perhaps this notion was purely fanciful. Maybe it was derived wholly from the knowledge that this incongruous *place* was actually a part of this great Asia of ours,—that around it, ignoring it, throwing scorn upon it by the sheer force of a solemn, unmoved indifference and contempt,

spread away and away the grave, im-
memorial East,

Which of our Coming and Departure
heeds
As the Sea's self might heed a pebble
cast!

FRANCIS GARNIER

"Yes, your 'Never-never country,'—and
your 'edge of cultivation,'
And 'no sense in going further'—till
I crossed the range to see.
God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's
God's present to our nation.
Anybody might have found it, but—
His Whisper came to Me!"

—*The Explorer.*

In the centre of that meretricious place there stands a statue of bronze—a long, lean figure, dressed in the ample frock-coat of the French naval officer of the middle of last century, the face heavy-browed, whiskered after the fashion set by Crimean veterans, with deep-set eyes serene and thoughtful, firm mouth, resolute chin, and an abiding expression of melancholy. He was a *man*, this one, and a man in whom were combined many unusual qualities,—man of action, man of letters, above all, man of dreams—for this is the effigy of Francis Garnier, the biggest Frenchman who ever dreamed and dared and wrought for France in Asia since Dupleix's visions were shattered by Clive's hard-won successes.

Having volunteered for service with the French naval expedition which sailed for China in 1860, young Garnier early gave an exhibition of the high and self-sacrificing courage which inspired him, by leaping into the sea on a dark night to rescue a sailor who had fallen overboard when the ship was travelling at full speed. He had the good luck to be picked up by boats lowered to search for him. He succeeded in saving the sailor; and Admiral Charnier signalized his appreciation of the gallant deed by taking

Garnier onto his personal staff. In this capacity he served during the short campaign in China; and when the Treaty of Peking was concluded, in October 1860, accompanied his chief to the relief of Saigon.

There were no *cafés* or arc-lights, no braying bands or florid songsters, in those days; but instead a tiny band of Frenchmen, cut off hopelessly from their base, clung with stern and persistent courage to their poor defences, repelling two dangerous night attacks, eking out their rations, and hoping against hope for the relief that was so long a-coming, what time the Emperor of Cochin-China encircled them with his armed hosts, and yet failed to reduce the stubborn strangers to submission.

"Behold they have departed," his Majesty had written in an imperial edict, published when the news of the evacuation of Turon by the French was brought to him—"Behold they have departed, these noxious and greedy beings who have no inspiration save evil, no aim save sordid gain! They have departed, these pirates who devour human flesh, and who fashion garments from the skins of those whom they have eaten! Put to flight by our valiant soldiers, they have shamefully taken to flight!"

All of which sounded very satisfactory and confident; yet the valiant soldiers aforesaid, though they outnumbered the Frenchmen by fifty to one, had scant stomach for more fighting after they had twice tasted of their enemy's quality, and when Charnier arrived in February 1861, the siege of Saigon was raised in triumphant fashion. The capture of My tho, on the shores of the Mekong, which now is joined by a little railway to Saigon, was the next move, and at this also Garnier was present; but the main work of conquest effected. Charnier returned to France dragging a very reluctant and disgusted aide-de-camp at his heels.

Poor lad! It seemed to him, as it has seemed to so many energetic and ambitious youngsters when a halt is momentarily called in the active march of life, that life itself was ended. He spoke in characteristic, youthful fashion of the "setting of his star,"—a luminary which had hardly so much as emerged yet awhile,—and wrote of the dulness of his routine duties that they were tasks which "developed the intelligence very little and satisfied the heart even less!" A notable discovery, forsooth! But does not half the charm of youth abide for us who are no longer young in the naïve fashion in which it discovers ragged, thumb-marked old truths, and invests even them with a sort of pathetic novelty?

He had not much of which to complain after all,—youth seldom has,—for by 1863 he was back in Indo-China filling the post of Collector and Magistrate at Cho-lon the Chinese town which lies a few miles to the southwest of Saigon. This is one of the stock "show places" of Cochin-China, to which visitors are driven by the force of public opinion (if they are weak enough to submit to it), or by the dread of missing some specially interesting sight. For a matter of fact, it is an ordinary Chinese trading town of south-eastern Asia, neither so extensive nor so picturesque and original as the Chinese quarter of Singapore, and differing only in size from similar trading centres which have come into being in the Malay States during the past quarter of a century. A trifle more squalid, perhaps, a little less prosperous, showing less evidences of individual wealth,—but that is all. Cho-lon is a poor place to-day, view it how you will: five-and-thirty years ago, when young Garnier ruled over it, it must have been a more wretched spot still. No wonder if he presently fell to dreaming of an escape from it into a wider, cleaner world.

For he was always a man of dreams, this young Frenchman, from his school days, when the vision of an organized resistance to the power of Great Britain filled his mind and kindled his enthusiasm, to early manhood, when his dreams assumed a more practical and useful form, and so on and on, till he lay dead in Tongking with a bullet through his heart.

"England, you will say, is a Colossus," he had written in a fine fit of youthful fury. "Granted, but her feet are rotten. Shake her and she will fall. England is universally execrated, and in our day public opinion makes and unmakes empires. When Tell and his two comrades swore in the darkness to give back her liberty to their country, was not the enterprise a folly? We, we desire to restore liberty to the world, and the world will be on our side, for it groans and laments under the painful restraint, the constant encroachments, which this nest of pirates and robbers, having become powerful, imposes upon it and makes on every occasion."

Yet England was not so much as shaken, the poor Colossus of whose feet of clay those who love her best are nowadays, it is to be feared, only too sadly conscious; and this was the man who later was to write of the work done by the British in India with a fine and generous enthusiasm, and who exclaimed during his saddened middle age, "What a misfortune it is that I was not born an Englishman! With them I should have been a man at once powerful and honored! As bad luck will have it, however, I cannot make up my mind to be no longer a Frenchman!"

But at Cho-lon Garnier dreamed to more practical effect, and succeeded by sheer persistence in gradually infecting his superiors with his own enthusiasms. Cochin-China had been annexed; Kambodia had been declared a Protectorate; similar work was going

forward in Annam and Tongking. Garnier, almost alone among his fellows, grasped the fact that France stood here upon the threshold of what might be an immense Asiatic empire. Let no time be lost, he insisted, in ascertaining what possibilities lay at the back of this narrow fringe of coast-country, in penetrating into the unknown wilderness whence ran in mysterious splendor the mighty waters of the Me-kong,—the river which Linschoten of old declared to be "The Captain of all the Rivers,"—and in surprising for France secrets hidden from the West since the beginning of things. The inspiration belonged to this lad of four-and-twenty, with whom the project speedily became an *idée fixe*; but three long years came and went before the authorities in Paris and on the spot could be brought to the point of giving practical effect to his designs. Then came the great journey—the first organized exploration of the *Hinterland* of Indo-China from the shores of the China Sea ever undertaken by white men.

Doudart de Lagarée, a post-captain in the French navy, who then was holding the post of Political Agent at the Court of Kambodia at Phnom Penh, was given the supreme command, but Garnier was his chief lieutenant, his right-hand man, and throughout the inspiring genius of the expedition. The valley of the Me-kong was explored from the delta to Chieng Hong, the point at which the river had been struck from the Burmese side by M'Leod, the Scotsman, in 1837; the Chinese province of Yun-nan, then rent by the great upheaval of the Muhammadan Rebellion, was traversed; Ta-li-fu, the capital of the rebels, was visited by Garnier in circumstances of the greatest difficulty; and the valley of the Yang-tse was descended till at last the French flag was sighted floating over the Consulate at

Han-kau. The explorers returned to Saigon after an absence in the wilderness of over two years; but, alas! they bore with them only the bones of Doudart de Lagarée, the wise, tactful, kindly chief, whose prudence had often curbed the fiery impulsiveness of his lieutenant, and whose lovable character had won the enthusiastic affection of every one of his comrades.

"It seemed to us," said Garnier, on his return, to the Empress Eugénie, who throughout had taken an intense interest in this journey of exploration—"It seemed to us, while we were toiling and travailing in the wilderness, that the eyes of all France were fixed upon us. I find now that the eyes of your Majesty alone marked our progress. That for us is a more than sufficient recompense for hardships endured."

Which was well and prettily said, for what fairer, kinder eyes would any man desire to watch his struggles and his victories? But there abode in the words, I suspect, more than a trace of bitterness. The great achievement left Paris and France cold. Far greater interest was excited by it in England, for instance, and Garnier himself was made the victim of the most heartless calumnies and misrepresentations. Nobody cared for the fame of Doudart de Lagarée for its own sake; but it was gall and wormwood to the mean and the envious that a living man should earn fame or credit. Garnier was represented as a ghoul who had waxed rich by the plundering of the honored dead, and though he never stooped to defend himself, though he insisted upon sharing every honor showered upon him by the learned societies of other lands with the widow of his dead chief, he presently turned his back upon a France which had for him neither gratitude nor honor, and passed back to the

Indo-China which was still for him the land of dreams.

He was killed a few years later in an ill-managed little business in Tong-king, and to-day his statue stands in the most incongruous spot in all Asia, looking down upon the meretricious frivolity of *les civilisés* of Saigon! Was it my fancy only that seemed to mark an expression of awful melancholy in that still face of bronze?

THE DISCONTENTED ENGLISHMAN.

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream."

—*The Lotos-Eaters.*

There is a saying on the Outskirts ament the first public works which are wont to engage the attention of the various European nations when, in the struggle for empire, they start, each after its own characteristic fashion, the task of administration in a newly acquired country. The English, it is said, build first a road, which leads—to a cricket-field. The earliest care of the Belgian is to construct a guillotine, and to put it into first-rate working order. The Dutchman erects a custom-house; the German, a block of barracks, or failing that, a sentry-box; the Italian makes nothing; while the Frenchman builds a *café chantant* and flanks it by a Roman Catholic church.

I had seen the *cafés chantants* overnight: the church in close proximity—it filled the whole of the upper end of the Rue Catinat—was not to be overlooked when next day I stepped out of the still slumbering hotel into the cool, fresh fragrance of the early morning. I had found it impossible to get my *café au lait* before a liberal *six heures et demi*. An outraged Chinese servant, blear-eyed from the night before, had exclaimed with horror at my desire to have it even at that late hour—for in the Tropics half-past six

is late; but at seven o'clock the European part of the town seemed still to be lapped in slumber. This struck me as curious at the time, in view of the fact that in the East the cool hours of the early morning are the most precious in the twenty-four—precious alike for work and exercise. It appealed to me as something still more remarkable later, when I learned that the business hours of the place are from 7 A.M. to 11 A.M., and from 2 P.M. to 4 P.M.

This fact, and some others, were explained to me by the Discontented Englishman. He added that by making seven, seven-thirty, by reckoning ten-thirty as eleven, and by treating the afternoon hours in a like generous spirit, the time devoted to the silly trivialities of toil was by the majority of Frenchmen sensibly and satisfactorily reduced. Later, when I had a little business of my own to transact, I discovered the truth of this assertion. The puzzle is to hit upon the moment which may legitimately be regarded as a real business hour. It can be done, however, with thought, experience, and practice; but even so, the achievement owes not a little, I think, to some occult, natural instinct.

I had been that morning into a chemist's shop in search of tabloids of bisulphate of quinine—a drug of some repute in tropical Asia,—and had watched the small French chemist shrug contemptuous shoulders at the sheer extravagance of such a demand. I had tried other chemists with a like result, and had been blandly assured that such a thing did not sell itself in Saigon. This information was imparted with an air of the most complete satisfaction with the scheme of appointed things. There was no senseless fiction ament a stock which had unexpectedly run out, about a consignment due by the next mail. On the contrary, the impression which

these shop-keepers succeeded in conveying to me was that articles which Saigon did not sell were things which common sanity would refrain from demanding. It was I, not they, who was rightfully garbed in shame. From curiosity I asked to be furnished with other articles at other shops.—a rough waterproof overcoat, a decently strong umbrella, boots that would fit one, and the like. But none of these things, it appeared, sold themselves in Saigon. Instead, the shops seemed to be littered with all sorts of extraordinary trash which no hypothetical eccentric could be supposed to require. If this rubbish sold itself in Saigon, Saigon, I reflected, must be a mighty queer place. So it is. It is (among other things) the dumping-ground for the unsaleable surplus stocks of France.

And, lo! ere I knew it, there were the Discontented Englishman and I about to be close locked in a grapple over the eternal Fiscal Question. One does not go all the way to Indo-China to renew a discussion in which no man of "settled opinions" ever convinces his neighbor, or by his neighbor is convinced. I fled for my life.

LES FONCTIONNAIRES.

"Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?"—*The Lotos-Eaters*.

There were roads, beautiful French roads, as good as any in the world, in and about Saigon. If their length equalled their quality they would form at any rate the beginning of a magnificent road system. As it is, most of them fade away into nothing at a discreet distance from the town. They enable one to take the air; they do not materially assist one to take a journey. They are quite pretty to look at.

There is, at any rate, the beginning of a railway system, but in a country which has been occupied for sixty years by a European nation, and where

the engineering difficulties are reduced to a minimum by the flatness of the wide areas to be traversed, the progress made is not impressive. *L'Administration*, it would appear, blossoms out chiefly in the direction of its *personnel*. In Kambodia, for instance, where there is a scattered population of one and a half million souls, no less than two hundred European *fonctionnaires* are considered necessary for its government. British India, with its three hundred millions, claims the services of less than five hundred officials of similar position.

But the Indian Civil Service, like all our services, is notoriously short-handed. Our cadets nowadays are set to work upon active administrative duties long before their official education has been satisfactorily completed. This at any rate, it would seem, need not be the case in French Indo-China, where there can hardly be enough work to go round. The French Civil Servant should surely have that which our people to-day most notoriously lack—time, time to learn. Unfortunately, however, unless my informants—all themselves Frenchmen of experience—are at fault, the notion that there is aught to learn is one which does not readily present itself to the young official newly imported from France. Being posted to an appointment in the Colonial Civil Service of his country appears to be regarded by him as the end, rather than as the beginning, of his life's work. To secure employment as a Civil Servant in Indo-China no examination, competitive or otherwise, beyond the taking of an ordinary degree, is demanded of him. The rest is a question of influence—the winning of a nomination from the Minister of the day. Appointments in the Colonies are not things for which Frenchmen scramble with any eagerness: the family "waster" is the person on whose account, for the most

part, the necessary influence is exerted. He will be returned to France and mercifully retransported once every three years at the expense of Government. For the rest, he is provided for for life. His own immediate preoccupation is to create in the land of his exile as close an approximation as adverse circumstance will admit to the France from which he has been banished. The country in which he finds himself is hopelessly, incurably Oriental. To work in it any notable transformation would be a herculean task. He has no liking for tasks, even when their proportions are not magnificent. He contents himself with the creation of a Rue Catinat. It is not over difficult. It adds to his material comfort, the which is his chief care, and it helps ever so little to disguise the banishment to which he is condemned.

For, be it remembered, he is always in banishment, always a kind of official remittance-man, your French *fonctionnaire* in Indo-China,—always there because he cannot help it, never because he likes it. The East sounds no call for him, but the alluring voice of France is for ever making mocking music in his ears. He is "putting in time," like any other deported criminal, and only in very rare instances does he learn to love his chains.

These are facts which seem to be recognized by the Administration. The attitude of Government toward its Civil Servants is largely one of compassion,—of pity. It is hard enough for these poor devils to be here at all, it seems to say. It would be wicked to make things harder for them by expecting them to be useful. Accordingly, though the inability of the French Civil Servant to speak the vernaculars is universally admitted and almost as universally deplored, successive Governors-General have drawn back dismayed from the proposal to

make such studies compulsory and promotion dependent on proficiency. Such action, it is thought, would be a cruelty, a brutality, the adoption of methods of barbarism. One does not wantonly strike the man who is down; and if a man were not "down," how, in the name of common sense, would he ever be a Civil Servant of France in Indo-China?

We English, we too to-day, are suffering in Asia from the fact that less and less do our people who work for England in the East regard the scene of their labors as the one place that matters, as "Home" in all save the name alone. Aforetime this was the rule; now it is the exception. Facility of communication with Europe has loosened many a foundation-stone of our Oriental Empire. But that Empire had been upreared, vast, solid, and four-square, ere ever Progress, with its offspring Mechanical Contrivance, had begun to work the ruin which so many of us now watch with such despairing eyes. To Henry Lawrence, who "tried to do his duty"; to grim John, who wrought through sheer strength mightily, as his brother wrought with tenderness, sympathy, and love; to Nicholson, the Quixote of our race, who fought with no imaginary foe,—India, their India, was to them the whole world. What to them did Europe matter, or the criticisms or the plaudits of the folk who did not *know*? India claimed from them their sole allegiance. At her feet they laid their love, their labor, and their lives. We, who to-day maintain with little ease that which they wrested from ruin, know in our hearts that we are daily becoming more and more depolarized. Our lodestar now is Europe, not the East.

But our race produced that breed of giants whose work we have inherited,—produced the men whose names will live in story long after the Raj for

which they toiled has tottered to its fall. France has been less fortunate. Our foundation-stones, may be working loose; those of her Empire in Indo-China seem never to have been laid.

LES CIVILISES.

"Give a dog a bad name and—hang him!"—*Ancient Proverb.*

The Discontented Englishman had served in many of our Eastern stations. He had always found the road, and had followed it satisfactorily, to the cricket-field. In Saigon he had diligently sought a similar track, and it led him at the long last to *le Cercle Sportif*. Here it was that his indignation culminated.

Healthy Exercise—It is the fetish of the Englishman in Asia, for with him, too, the instinct to reproduce home surroundings makes itself felt; nor is it a bad idol before which to bow down and worship. If you cannot, owing to your limitations, be of the East when in it, I prefer the Englishman's totem to the nocturnal *cafés* of the Rue Catinat.

"Rummy beggars," grunted the Discontented Englishman. "Stop a game of tennis to shake hands with every new arrival at the Club—not strangers, mind you, but ordinary playing members! Dripping wet their hands are too. Ugh! I offered a prize for a lawn tennis tournament,—thought it would buck 'em up a bit. Devil a bit! No entries. Afraid of being beaten. What can you do with men like that?"

His indignation found expression in abrupt, grunting outbursts of very colloquial English.

"Football, too. Soccer. Thirty men who play out of a population of Heaven knows how many, and every Jack one of them plays for his own d—d hand. No notion of playing for the side—not a notion of it. And the morals of the place!"

Words failed him.

It is an axiom among Englishmen that those who have no love for healthy and regular exercise have no use for the Decalogue, except to use it as pie-crust.

"Read 'Les Civilisés'!"

I followed his advice. I cannot recommend any reader of 'Maga' to make a like experiment. I believe the picture there drawn of life in and about Saigon to be vilely and maliciously exaggerated; yet at the back of it, as men on the spot reluctantly admit, there lurks some modicum of odious truth. The book could never have been written of Englishmen in any colony or dominion. So much at least is certain. There is a proverb about smoke and fire; but here, I am convinced, the wreaths of stifling, filthy vapor that smudge all the sky rise from far worse bonfires than have ever been lighted, even in Saigon.

"If Paris had contracted a *mésalliance* with Port Said, and the devil had played the part of *sage-femme* for them, the result might have been Saigon," said a Discontented Frenchman.

BOOKING.

"He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet: he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild compo-
sure given,
That patience now doth seem a thing
of which
He hath no need."

—*Wordsworth.*

The imperative instinct which earliest awakes in one on arrival at Saigon is a desire to quit it as soon as may be. I experienced some difficulty before I was able to act upon this impulse.

To begin with, one had to hit upon a propitious moment when the office of the shipping company chanced to be open, and thereafter to contend with the nebulous conversational discursive-ness of the functionary who was by way

of furnishing the inquirer with information. The next step was to take a ticket for Phnom Penh, but this was by no means to be accomplished at the office of the company. I was shown a small wooden booth on the quay—an erection like an antiquated bathing-machine from which the wheels had been removed. It was there that one took tickets, I was informed. When? Whenever one chose, was the cheerful reply. I remarked that the bathing-machine appeared to be hermetically closed. The fact was at once admitted without comment or emotion. Perhaps these were not his office hours, I suggested. "Ma si! Only—well—he was not there, *ce Monsieur*. Perhaps he would come back presently. Would I wait? No? Well, some other time!"

It is thus, seemingly, that business is conducted in Saigon.

I stalked "*ce Monsieur*" as one stalks shy game, and I ran him to earth in his bathing-machine at last. At the moment it seemed to me to be a somewhat notable achievement.

He proved to be a cadaverous-looking individual in the last stages of consumption or ataxia, feebly courteous, humbly yet cynically inefficient, incredibly exhausted of mind and body.

I told him what I wanted in as few words as might be. The shipping clerks of my acquaintance are hard-worked folk, with little time to waste and short tempers for muddled customers. He smiled at me with far-away eyes, and asked me if I did not want everything except that for which I had asked. I seemed in some miraculous fashion to have changed places with the shipping clerk. He was wasting *my* time, not I his. At length he consented with dreary reluctance to recognize that I required the ticket for which I had applied—a return to Phnom Penh. I asked the price—a mere matter of form, for I had already

ascertained it. He named twice the proper sum. I expostulated. He fell to making calculations with the scratchiest of pens upon the thinnest and dingiest paper. Watching him, I observed that he multiplied by the simple process of putting the sum down over and over again and then adding it up. His addition was imperfect. I ventured to draw his fatigued attention to the fact. Once more he smiled at me sweetly out of those tired eyes of his.

"It is always sufficiently difficult, *le calcul*," he remarked blandly, as though stating an axiom.

Finally, with a sort of inert despair, though the emotion working in him appeared to be too feeble to deserve that name, he accepted my figures, and opening a book of forms in counterfoil began to prepare my ticket. He had to fill in my name, the name of the ship, my destination, the number of the voyage, the amount paid, and one or two similar details. His method of writing reminded me of his arithmetic. He did not write so much as *draw*—draw each letter with extraordinary painstaking slowness, and by their aid build up very gradually each individual word. I watched my name creep into being in this strange fashion; then he looked up at me once more with that tired plaintive smile.

"This will take time," he said. "It is not an affair of a moment. On this side," indicating the direction in which the shadow of the bathing-machine was casting a dwarfed patch of blackness upon the white-hot stones of the quay,—"On this side you will find a chair. Seat yourself, I pray you. To hold oneself on end is so fatiguing."

I sat on that chair for a good ten minutes, and at the end found him regarding his still unfinished masterpiece with his eternal weary smile. The ink in his pen was dry.

I got my ticket in the end, but like

Thomas à Kempis of old, I began to perceive that "patience is highly necessary to me."

I do not for one moment suppose that my friend in the bathing-machine was in any sort typical of the French clerk of Saigon, but I know of no other country in Asia where a white man would be entrusted with such purely mechanical duties, nor have I met in all the East any white man so feebly and amiably inefficient. What

Blackwood's Magazine.

I have written reads, I am aware, like gross exaggeration, yet I am relating only facts. How this man ever obtained employment, and how, having been employed, he escaped immediate dismissal, are problems which baffle solution, unless, indeed, men speak truly when they declare that the French colonies are the last resort of the proved inefficient, the incompetent, the wastrel, and the "dead-head."

THE CHARITY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Of all the pleasanter vices, the idealistic interpretation of the Middle Ages is perhaps the least noxious and the most alluring. One turns but too gladly from the controversies that rage around our own dehumanized Poor Law to the graces and humanities of medieval charity. Here are no economics, here is no organization. Manchester was still a sleepy village which boasted no School. Men gave from impulse, and liked to think of those who received only as the blessed occasions of good-will. The sick poor were "the sore members of Christ." Ever the leper begged with the halo of the Gospel around him, and the Dukes of those days took warning from the Dives of the *Miracle Play*. We are all familiar with the rôle of the monasteries in medieval charity, but the immense development of the hospitals has only now been investigated by a competent student. Miss Clay has succeeded in compiling a list of no less than 750 of these 'spitals.¹ The total impression one derives from her analysis is of an active and very genial benevolence. The mere number of these houses in a population much less

than that of modern London is enormous. They cared for the leper and the sick poor, for the aged and the orphan, for the broken soldier and the shipwrecked or homeless sailor. Some specialized in attending to wayfarers and pilgrims, and planted themselves by the gates of the town. Others, until leprosy died out, were lazarus-houses; some were primarily for the poor clergy. A few specialized quaintly, as a supplement to direct persecution, in caring for the converted Jews. Others were primarily alms-houses set apart for the permanent residence of the aged and destitute. Most of them, however, were promiscuous to a degree which would fill Mrs. Webb with horror. Tramps and pilgrims, the aged and the sick, soldiers, sailors, and idiots, poor married mothers and "yong wymmen that have mysse done" dwelt somehow together under the same roof, and the large tolerance that spoke so few moral judgments made their association endurable.

One might go on from this broad survey to a closer investigation in the same mood of envious wonder. A pity which did not seek to degrade its victim was everywhere the presiding spirit. One foundation specifies mil-

¹ "The Medieval Hospitals of England." By Rothera Mary Clay. The Antiquary's Books. Methuen.

nutely the provision that shall be made for the tramp and the wayfarer:—

In regard to poor people who are received late at night and go forth early in the morning, let the warden take care that their feet are washed, and, as far as possible, their necessities attended to.

It was a casual ward without the stone-heap. Discipline there was, but it was commonly that of the fraternity, one might almost say of the club. The consent of the Colchester lepers, for example, was necessary before a new member could be admitted. Sometimes, indeed, as in the Bristol sailors' home, the organization was that of a benefit society, to whose privileges only members who had contributed for seven years were admitted. The "cases" became brothers and sisters of the foundation, and the whole spirit of its rule of life was that of a preparation of the broken in this life for a better world. The material conditions of existence in these hospitals must have varied enormously. But in one case there is a record of meat three times a week, of vegetables in abundance, and of the glorious allowance of one gallon of beer a day. The older and wealthier foundations paraded a certain pomp and grace of architecture. Their chapels, in which all but the bed-ridden were expected to keep the canonical hours, are sometimes perfect and even elaborate specimens of the style in which they are built. The hospital itself was built sometimes with tenements, sometimes with cubicles, and sometimes with dormitories. But there was always a great refectory with a vast inglenook which was the centre of the fraternal life of the place. In some of the larger hospitals there were elaborate preparations to facilitate the cleanliness of the inmates, from weekly baths to weekly visits of the barber, and the

phrases in which the rules were drafted, suggest rather the hospital provision of comforts than the penal discipline of a modern workhouse. There are details, moreover, which prove that over some of these spitals there brooded a spirit of more than apostolic charity. The statutes of Chichester, for example, provide that "if a brother under the instigation of the devil fall into immorality out of which scandal arises, or if he strike or wound the brethren," he must be expelled if incorrigible. "But let this be done, not with cruelty and tempest of words, but with gentleness and compassion." One might in this strain fill a volume with praises of the generosity of pious donors, and sketches of the gentleness and goodwill that reigned in these medieval "God's Houses." In the manner of a sunset picture by Fred Walker.

But were the Middle Ages really charitable and humane? There is much in Miss Clay's records which suggests a less comfortable judgment. The real test of the charity of the Middle Ages was the leper. History loves to record the exceptional tales of love and heroism which grow frequent in the twelfth century. Queen Maud would kiss the diseased feet of the most loathsome lepers, declaring that in so doing she touched the feet of the Eternal King. There was a Bishop of Lincoln who acted in the same spirit, and the greatest of all the leaders in this movement was St. Francis. But such sacrifices suggest to our mind rather a conscious and passionate protest against the brutality of the rest of the world, than a natural expression of pity. While a few saints acted thus, the general attitude was one of angry loathing which passed easily into active cruelty. Miss Clay surmises—and the evidence is pretty clear—that the instinct which shunned and segregated the leper was aesthetic rather

than hygienic. Men were not yet afraid of infection or contagion. They hated the sight of a hideous affliction. Hating first, they came to fear. All France could become convulsed over a legendary conspiracy between the lepers, the Jews, and the Saracens to poison the wells. That panic set men burning lepers alive by the score, and not in France alone. The natural sentiment of the Middle Ages was even to think of lepers as the enemies of the human race. They were suspected, after the peril of infection began to be realized, of a malicious desire to revenge themselves on fortune by deliberately infecting as many of their fellows as they could. London, indeed, kept three lazarus-houses. But one reads that it also maintained two officers whose sole duty it was to make a daily round of these hospitals to flog the lepers for any contumacy which they might have committed. The main impression one derives is almost of a war between the sick and the whole, in which, indeed, it may well have happened that these outcasts became actual outlaws and combined for defence or revenge. The teaching of the Church was officially condensed in a precept which bade lepers "to bear themselves as more despised and more humble than the rest of their fellow-men." Nor can one conceive a more cruel form than the office by which the Church expelled the certified leper from the congregation of the living. It was a symbolical burial service. The leper lay in the posture of a corpse on the floor of the church, and rose up only that the priest might sprinkle with a spade three handfuls of earth upon his feet. It was a childish world which could devise a munificence so brutal and ghastly as this, and one suspects that it really regarded the leper much as children in a City slum to-day regard a broken and half-witted hunchback, whom they alternately tor-

ment and flee. Nor was the imposing mechanism of charity which endowed the hospitals altogether disinterested. In the later centuries their funds were mainly provided by the sale of pardons. They were largely used by the rich and powerful. Edward I. filled the almshouses with the aged servants of the Court. Nobles and princes quartered their retainers on them when they travelled. It sometimes happened that the wardens were detected in filling them with "paying guests." The brethren who served and controlled the hospitals were vowed to poverty and the renunciation of all their goods. But when one finds in the statutes of a hospital the terrible provision that a brother detected in leaving property at his death shall be "cast out from Christian burial," the inference is not that poverty was an ideal willingly embraced. It is rather that it was an ideal which pious founders almost despaired of enforcing.

It is difficult to believe that the brotherly pity of the Middle Ages can ever have been a habit generally observed. It is certain that scarcely a memory of it remained when the Reformation arrived. We read no more of the provision of shelter and water for wayfaring men. Instead, the vagrant is lashed by statute from town to town. Under Edward VI. he is even converted into a chattel slave, with a ring round his neck and a brand upon his skin. The destruction of the hospitals accompanied the dissolution of the monasteries. It was not, indeed, complete, for some of the most venerable foundations, like Saint Cross at Winchester, survive to this day. But no hospital attached to a monastery was spared, and of the rest the greater number perished. St. James's Palace was built on the site of a 'spital for women. The Savoy, but newly built, was turned from its purpose. The

City of London was fain to buy back Bedlam after the Crown had confiscated it, and to endow St. Bartholomew's after Henry VIII. had closed it. Yet there can never have been a time when England stood in greater need of charity. One reads in Brinklow's "Lamentacyon of a Christian agaynst the Cytte of London" (1545), how

London being one of the flowers of the worlde, as touchinge worldye riches, hath so manye, yea innumerable of poore people forced to go from dore to dore . . . and dye for lacke of ayde of the riche.

The Crown did well out of this spoliation. The gentry did better. The Dukes of that day no doubt had their

The Nation.

excuses. They annexed the dissolute monasteries that they might have the wherewithal to give and to employ. The Reformation was not always so ruthless. One might suppose from Franz Hals's canvases that half the respectable matrons of Holland were engaged in managing the orphan hospitals. But in England, because the basis of conviction was weaker, it was important that the economic foundation should be stronger. Our Protestant nobility defended the faith because it was also defending its hearths and homes. It made an end of medieval charity. But it entrenched the Thirty-Nine articles on its whilom abbey lands.

ST. ANDREW'S EVE.

I.

The morning grayness still hung over the long stretch of wharf where the autumn catches of herrings are landed. Generally, there are two or three hundred boats "up" at this period of the year, lying nose on to the quay-heading. But it had been a curious fishing; and now, right in the middle of the drifting season, the quays were empty, and the low-roofed market-shed which extends for half a mile along the river's edge was silent. There were a few buyers loitering on the granite sets of the wharf; and a knot of "tellers," whose duty it is to count the catches, were gazing down at the green water of the flowing haven.

At length, from below the white-washed petroleum store, there appeared the familiar brown sails of a fishing lugger. As the boat glided upstream the little knot on the quay drew together and discussed her.

"She's got a few, anyhow," said one of the tellers. "She's a bit low in the water with it too."

"Look like the *Three Sisters*, don't she?" suggested another wharf-hand.

"Yis, that's the *Three Sisters*. I know her by that there patch in the foot of the fore-sail. Ole Joe Benson's boat she is, and a very unlucky boat she is too."

"What's that flag a-doin' in the riggin', then?" said another teller. "Blow'd if it ain't half-mast!"

"So 'tis! So 'tis!" was repeated among the group, which had now been increased by the buyers on the wharf. The boat, scarcely three furlongs distant now, came gliding on with a faint blue curl of smoke from her cabin stove-pipe. She was very low in the water; freeboard and deck glistened with a coating of fresh scales; and the beam wind flogged a flag against the mainsail. The picture had all the elements of a North Sea tragedy: gray morning with a keenness moving in the air; a deserted wharf, looking desolate in what should have been the busy season; and the solitary boat sliding up to her moorings, with the signal

of death in the rigging and a full catch in her hold. Both fatalities and full catches had been unusual during the season, and the group at the quay looked long and anxiously at the crew busied on the lifting deck of the lug-ger.

"There's Geordie Spratley, and Bob Aldred, and Harry Silllick," said a wharf-hand, who appeared to know everyone on the drifter. "There's the cook, and Ben Ford, and Jimmy Green."

"They're all there, then," remarked one of the salesmen, a Mr. Cufande. "Perhaps they've picked someone up."

"Where's the boy?" asked another voice.

"What, the boy 'Arbart? He's there. He look precious sick too. It's his first trip."

"I don't see old Joe," said Mr. Cufande as the boat ran gently up to her berth, and two or three of the crew dropped rope fenders over the bulwarks to take the impact. "Who is it, George?" he asked of Spratley, the mate, who was leaning brokenly on the hood of the after-hatch.

"It's the ole man," replied the mate listlessly; "He went out last night. . . . We've got fifteen last o' good stuff. If you'll sell 'em in the boat, Mr. Cufande, we'll get him ashore then." The mate jerked a grimy hand towards the cabin-hatch.

Mr. Cufande, a white-haired, clean-shaven gentleman of sturdy build but low stature, beckoned his clerk to him from the office-door at the back of the fish-wharf, and after a short conversation the young fellow fetched out his cycle and rode off.

There was no need to ring the bell for buyers that morning. For weeks there had been an unprecedented dearth of herrings, and when a few samples had been tossed up from the wings of the hold of the *Three Sisters*, the buyers assembled knew that the

catch was as the mate described it, "Fresh last night, and good quality right through." Bidding was brisk, though quiet. There was an absence of the usual wharf jokes, and the catch of fifteen lasts was sold in the boat. Within five minutes of the commencement of the bidding Mr. Cufande had replaced the ivory-headed pencil in his note-book with the buyers' names entered. The fish had fetched an average price of twenty-five pounds per last.

By this time the salesman's clerk had brought Mrs. Benson, the master's wife, to the wharf in a cab. She was sobbing hysterically on the granite edging of the wharf, and kept crying that she had come for "her man." A swathed form was carried up from the cabin and laid upon the after-deck. No one knew how the master's widow clambered down to the deck, but she was there bending over the corpse, repeating dully, "Say something to me, Joe. Speak to me, Joe!" Gently Mr. Cufande took her arm and helped her up to the quay again. Then the master's body was removed to one of the offices on the wharf till suitable means could be found to convey it home. The fishermen and buyers were winking away tears from brine-reddened eyes. But immediately the master's body had been carried ashore, the crew were at work unloading the catch and "telling" it. The great swills of five hundred herrings were lifted up on to the wharf by short ropes with hooks at the ends. The work was carried on far more silently than usual; the wooden spades seemed to crunch more than common as the herrings were scooped on deck; and the few silver fish which slid back into the wings by chance fell audibly upon the rest of the catch below.

The mate was watching the men listlessly, when Mr. Cufande caught his eye, and, stepping across to him,

said, "Tell me how it happened, George. It'll do you good. Besides, I shall have to tell *her*." And he motioned with his hand towards the office on the wharf where the widow was watching her dead.

II.

George Spratley and the salesman climbed down into the dark, stuffy cabin. The fisherman avoided the starboard bench, and motioned the other to sit beside him. Then he bent his head over his knees and cried.

"There ain't nothin' to cry for," he said presently. "I don't know why I'm a-doin' of it, 'cause a man couldn't hev gone out better'n poor old Joe. But I'm kind of upset."

The salesman said nothing, but nodded his sympathy with a hoarse cough in his throat.

"Do you believe in spirits?" the mate went on. "'Cause—— But I'll tell 'ee just how it happened." He paused as if to collect his thoughts, and then resumed. "You know, because you hev allus sold our catches, Mr. Cufande—you know that the *Three Sisters* hev been doin' very badly t'year." The salesman nodded. "Yis, the luck hev been agin us this season. Ole Joe never was what you'd call fortuit, and up to this trip he'd only paid his way. You see, the boat was his, and he was gettin' on in years. Well, all this season he hev been feelin' that somehow or other he'd go out, and his health was bad. We went out over the bar last Thursday; that's five days yesterday we'd been out, and we couldn't fall in with the fish nohow. You know old Joe was one of the best that ever took to the driftin'." The mate paused again and furtively wiped his eyes. His hearer made no comment.

"Yis, ole Joe had got what you could call religion. He warn't no rантин' Methody, but he believed.

What was worryin' of him was that, if he went off, the ole lady would be left without anything 'cept what the boat would fetch, and that ain't a sight. Well, last night I was on deck a-keepin' the sailin'-watch. It was a quiet night, the moon was just h'isted over the water, and it was pritty nigh as clear as day. Ole Joe hadn't been feelin' hisself, so I was surprised to see him on deck."

"Couldn't sleep, perhaps," suggested Mr. Cufande.

"No, it warn't that. He did look ghastly too when he got the moon fair on his face. He didn't look onquiet, only quair and funny." The mate gesticulated helplessly with his hands to indicate his want of power to describe the skipper's appearance. "I axed him what he come up for, and he said, 'I've had a dream, George, and it's been told me that I'm going out this trip.'"

"Did he say that, George?" said the salesman, looking round uneasily.

"'Strue's I'm here, he said that, Mr. Cufande. Well, I said, 'Look here, Joe, you're outer sorts, but you'll hold together a mort of years yet.' He said, 'No, George; I'm goin' out this trip,' and he said it slow and solemn like, ezactly like a man what had got a message. Then he said, 'I'm goin' to say a prayer, George.'

"The chaps in the sailin'-watch had got round, and Bob Aldred, one of the capstan-hands, giggled. The skipper just looked at Bob in his quiet way, and Bob didn't giggle no more. He said to-day that he felt as if he was lookin' at a dead man.

"But ole Joe, he left me at the wheel where I was steerin', and he took off his sou'-wester at the scuddin'-pole—you know, where the pole goes over the hold."

Mr. Cufande nodded curtly.

"Well, every one of the sailin'-watch took off his hat, and the skipper

prayed at the scuddin'-pole. What he said in his prayer I don't know, and what he saw after I don't know, 'ceptin' what he told me. But when the skipper got up from his knees, he was a young man again. His eyes were shinin', he was as straight as any young chap, and'—the mate raised a forefinger to emphasize his next words, which he whispered—"Joe Benson warn't alone at the mitch-board!"

"What do you mean, George?" asked Mr. Cufande, shifting uneasily at the unstudied impressiveness of the other.

"I mean that there was somethin' or someone with the skipper. We couldn't none of us see anything, but ole Joe was a-talkin' to it. His lips kept movin', though we couldn't catch a sound. The chaps thought he was mad, but they didn't say nothin'. They had called up the others, and all the crew was on deck.

"Well, ole Joe went on talkin' to whatever was at his side, and then he come up to me at the helm. 'I'll take the wheel, George,' he said, quite quiet like. 'We've got a pilot.'"

"A what?" asked Mr. Cufande.

The mate repeated himself. "'We've got a pilot,' he said. 'Tell Bob to get steam up in the donkey.' Well, to humor him, as we thought 'twas best, we got up steam in the donkey-engine; and then the skipper he steered her out to the east'ard. There was a light wind, and he told us to open the net-room and get ready for a shot. 'What, now?' I said. 'Yis, George,' said he; 'I'm actin' under orders.'

"Well, there warn't a sign of a fish near us, not a porpoise, or a gull, or a solan goose, or nothin'; but ole Joe he had to be obeyed, and we got ready for a shot. The skipper kept on talkin' to himself like, but he warn't, and he kept her head p'intin' east'ard.

"Then, in 'cordance with orders, we lowered the foremast backward and

h'isted the driftin'-lights. Arter that we got the nets over, and looked to hev a quiet four or five hours. But ole Joe didn't mean to hev no drift-watch set. He wanted us all, he said, and we hadn't got to turn in. Some of the chaps said they'd had enough of this fulery, but when the skipper looked 'em over in his quiet, sad way, they ha'n't another word to say.

"The nets hadn't been out more'n a quarter of an hour, ondle just time for the cork-line to drift out straight, when Joe stepped away from the wheel, and gave the word to haul the nets. I went to the wheel, but the wind held light, so I just put a turn round it, and went to help. She was driftin' on the end of the warp, of course. Bob Aldred got the donkey goin', and then we begun to haul the nets. When the look-on net came aboard I could see we'd got a catch. It was fair solid with fish. I ain't never seen the look-on net like it afore. Ole Joe he called out, 'I told you we'd got a pilot aboard!' and then we got to work.

"We hauled them nets—ninety-one the *Three Sisters* carry—in a couple of hours, and they was almost rendin' with the fish in them."

"A couple of hours, George?" commented Mr. Cufande in surprise. This was a feat in net-hauling.

"Yes, a couple of hours, sir. You never see anything like it. The sea fairly seemed to bring them nets in, full of fish though they was. There warn't no baggin' of the nets, they kept as straight as ever you see, and the sea fairly seemed to bring 'em in. Ole Joe looked on as they came over the gun'le, and he saw they was prime fish. We got 'em in, as I say, in about a couple of hours, and then I reckoned there was about fifteen lasts of herrings . . . We was just gettin' the last net and buoy over the side, when someone said, 'Look at Joe!' And ole Joe was flat on his back on a pile of

lint, snoring like a pig, and chokin' every now and then, with his eyes a-starin', and him as stiff as a poker.

"We got him down below, and then Harry Sillick he came to me, and he said, 'George, that's how my ole mother used to be took with a stroke. It's appleplexy, that's what it is.' And he told us what to do for it. We put cold cloths on the skipper's head, set him up, and warmed his feet and hands. All the time he kept a-snорlin' and starin' his eyes out of his head. But suddenly he stopped the noise, and he looked quiet at me. 'I want to talk to you. George,' he said, arter he'd rambled on a bit. I turned out the men, and they shaped the *Three Sisters* for home."

The mate nodded at the empty bench opposite where they sat, and went on: "He sat just there, with his head agin the bulkhead, just as we had set him. And he turned his head to me, and he said, 'George, I ain't got no feelin' in my left side. I can't move anything. I'm paralyzed.' And so he was. This was how the stroke left him. Then the skipper said, 'I'm a-goin' out this tide, George; but you'll see the ole lady will be provided for.' He made me promise to get the chaps to hand over their shares to his old missus. He know'd they would, if he was to die, and he felt easier arter he'd asked me. They hev promised now; they're a good-hearted lot, and they liked ole Joe. I laid him down, but he didn't fare to feel sleepy, and he couldn't move his left side. He was helpless as a baby.

"'What was it you see, Joe?' I axed him presently. He didn't answer me, but he said, 'Pass me my prayer-book, George'—he was a rare good sort was Joe. Then he said, 'I can't open it,

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George. Take it to the light, and look in the beginnin'. But wait a minute,' he told me. Then he said on, 'Somehow I know'd I was a-goin' when I woke up to-night. I was told in a dream; and when I came on deck to pray, I prayed for a good catch at the scuddin'-pole—I prayed for a good catch for the ole woman. . . . When I got up off my knees there was someone else there, a tall man in a dark gown, and I spoke to him. He had a hearty seafarin' way with him, and I see his hands were rough, like a fisherman's. . . . Well, he told me to take the helm, and he chose the spot for makin' the shot, and you see the catch we got.'

"I didn't like to ax the skipper who it was he see, I was half frightened; but he said, 'Look in the beginnin' of the book for November the thirtieth, and I did, and I read out loud 'St. Andrew's Day'; and he said, 'Yes, George, that was who I saw.'"

"Yesterday was the twenty-ninth, St. Andrew's Eve," mused Mr. Cufande. "What happened next?"

"I was trying to piece it together in my mind, when I looked at the skipper. He was tryin' to set up, and his face were gettin' red agin. 'You'll look arter the ole woman,' he kind of choked out. 'It's gettin' on for the bottom of the ebb, and I'm goin' out this tide.' Then he turned purple, and begun snorin' agin, and in half an hour the noise stopped. We'd done what we could, but he was dead."

When the mate's story was ended, the salesman made his way thoughtfully towards the widow's home, with a confused picture of the skipper's death and a vision of the Fisherman Saint in his mind's eye.

W. J. Batchelder.

CULTURE AND TRAINING.

Speaking the other night at a dinner of the Glasgow University Club, Lord Rosebery made some exceedingly appropriate remarks. He pointed to the multiplication of universities, which is one of the signs of our time. Within the memory of men still living, England was content with its two ancient and venerable foundations by the Cam and Isis. Then came the University of London, instituted with the idea of bringing the higher education, or at any rate the higher examination, to the middle classes; and now we have Manchester and Liverpool, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham, and others, so that before long it seems that universities may be as numerous in Great Britain as they are in Germany. In due course every great town may have its university as it now has its borough council.

We see no objection, provided always that the honored name is not given, as it is sometimes in the United States of America, to a mere second-rate provincial college. Adequate precautions should be taken that the standard of the degrees and examinations is maintained at a high level, and that sufficient means are available to provide a competent teaching staff. We do not want to see men entitled to call themselves university professors and lecturers who could otherwise have hardly obtained a post in a second-grade public school. With these reserves we welcome the increase of what may be called popular universities. Every large centre of industry and population might well have its seminary, where its youths and maidens could be prepared for the practical business of life by going through a preliminary training under those who had mastered the subject scientifically. Mr. Chamberlain once said that he looked forward to a period when no

man would hold an important post in a great factory or house of business who had not obtained a university degree. He did not of course mean that this degree would have been obtained in the Oxford "Greats" school or any of the Cambridge Triposes. His idea was that the maker of machines would have studied mechanics, the ship-builder marine engineering, under skilled professors and teachers at the local colleges, or at some substitute, such as Birmingham is providing, for the Charlottenburg Institute at which the German manufacturer learns the theory and technology of his business. Nor is it to be expected or desired that this sort of learning shall be confined to the few. It should be democratic enough to be linked on to the elementary and the secondary schools; so that the clever industrious lad of the working-classes may rise by an easy ascent to the lecture-room, and enter upon life with something more than that empirical knowledge which is acquired at the bench and in the workshop. We want trained men all through the army of industry—officers as highly educated as possible, and educated sergeants and corporals, and a good number of educated privates. A systematic, even a scientific preparation for their calling in life is desirable for all classes.

But it is necessary to distinguish what some impetuous "reformers" in the older universities, and particularly in the University of Oxford, fail to do. We referred not very long ago to the efforts of a group of "advanced" Oxford dons who are anxious that working-men should be received, and cherished in the bosom of *alma mater*. And these foster-children, according to the manifesto to which we drew attention, are not to come as occasional or exceptional visitants, nor are their num-

bers to be scanty. On the contrary, it is proposed that they should form a considerable part of the university population. Nor are they to be segregated in Ruskin Hall or any other seminaries specially allotted to their use. On the contrary, they are to be scattered through the existing colleges, which will adapt themselves for their reception by lowering the invidious bar of matriculation to such a moderate level that an intelligent artisan, prepared by a short course of popular lectures at evening classes, may easily step over it. A similar process of adaptation is to be carried out with regard to the university examinations and degrees; so that it will be unnecessary for the working-man candidate to dim the freshness of his intellect by exhausting studies in unfamiliar branches of learning. He will have no occasion to prepare himself for Mods. or Greats or any of the present schools, indulgent as some of these already are; the Latin grammar, the Greek dictionary, the works of Aristotle, and the books of the late Bishop Stubbs may be alike neglected; neither classics nor mathematics nor natural science need occupy his attention. He will be enabled to obtain his degree with suitable honors in more attractive subjects, such as economics, politics, and contemporary history. He can fleet the time pleasantly at the expense of the State, the university, and the trade-unions, over socialism and anarchism, tariff reform and free trade, the theories of Tolstoy and the practices of Mr. Winston Churchill. His academic career will be a continuation of the discussions at the local trades' council and the local debating society. He may emerge a very fluent politician and labor leader, but no better acquainted with scientific literature than when he first donned the cap and gown. We can only repeat that this seems to us an admirable scheme for turning out

a large number of British Babus who will neither be good workmen nor good scholars.

It is strange indeed to find such projects receiving influential support. Lord Curzon of Kedleston, himself a finished scholar, an intelligent aristocrat in the best sense, seems to have become a convert to the idea of democratizing the university and making it a centre of popular education for the masses. But that is not the function of Oxford and Cambridge, and it is entirely superfluous in these days of technical colleges and provincial universities. Let the latter by all means devote themselves to the duty of preparing their students for the practical business of life. The great majority of youthful mankind have small leisure for general culture; if they can spare the time to go to classes and lectures it must be with the direct object of making themselves more efficient for the commercial or professional battle. They must learn something that will "pay," something that will speedily bring its reward in the shape of increased earning power. But there are still left a certain number of persons who are able to enjoy a liberal education in the old sense, who can devote three or four years to enlarging their culture and improving their minds without any immediate reference to the remunerative result of their studies. In this sense, and in this sense alone, Oxford and Cambridge should still remain aristocratic. There are scholarships in great abundance for enabling the clever sons of impecunious fathers to obtain all the advantages of the college system and all the honors of the schools—if they can get them. This arrangement, which in one form or other goes back to mediæval times, is really all that is necessary to link the two older universities with the general life and culture of the nation; and if it be necessary,

the scholarships can be increased, not so much in number as in the amount of their stipends. We are in favor of making the educational ladder reasonably easy of access; our protest is against those who would make its slope so gentle that it can be ascended without ability and without steady indus-

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try. There is no sense at all in spoiling Oxford as a home of culture and a centre of research in order to turn it into a place of resort for a horde of mediocrities drawn from the ranks of Labor. For such students, ample and much more suitable provision can be made elsewhere.

BUSINESS CONTRACTS IN FAMILY LIFE.

What would be "the effect of the introduction of business contracts into family life?" asks "an elderly bachelor" who has rewarded the niece who keeps his house for her services, past, present, and to come, by a device which will avoid Legacy-duty. How would it be if such procedure became very much more common, or if it became the custom for all those whose relations render them services to pay for such, not by will, but on the spot? Would "contract stifle affection"? It is a difficult point. There are so many "pros" and "cons."

That fathers should pay their children, or husbands their wives, for doing those duties which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred affection makes imperative is clearly a repellent suggestion. On the other hand it is difficult not to admit that, since affection cannot be created by money, neither can it be destroyed by it. Even in those cases where affection is most intense and ideal some money must pass in the form of gift or allowance between the head of a house and the members of his family. That this matter of allowance should partake of the nature of a contract is not, it seems to us, undesirable. There is no doubt that many men like to ensure their influence with sons or daughters by keeping them in pecuniary uncertainty,—by letting them feel their dependence, while not desiring to curtail

their expenditure. We cannot help thinking that this plan is likely to undermine the independence and the initiative of the recipient. It goes without saying that a man, however well off, cannot be expected to give his children money in order to free them to do the thing of all others which he desires that they should not. It is an unreasonable daughter who complains that she cannot have money to study art in Paris when that course of action is abhorrent to her father, and it is absurd in a son to expect that his father should smooth his way to a marriage which he considers will disgrace the family. As a rule, however, no such vagaries are on the cards, and no such fears prevent the ordinary man from dealing in a business-like way with his children. Very often it is a sort of jealous affection which makes him dole out money, instead of clearly explaining what he can do for them, and on what conditions he will do it. He wants to feel that he still retains the place in their lives which he had when they were children, that he is still a sort of Providence to whose hand they are to look in uncertain expectation. He likes to be asked, for the act of giving is sweet to him, and he wants the gratitude which he hopes he may obtain. He forgets that it is useless to try to buy gratitude, for its price has never been known, that humiliation instantly an-

nihilates it, and that the concession of even a small right is often a far more generous act than the bestowal of large gifts. He does not realize that influence, to be strong, must voluntarily abjure absolutism, which, though it have starvation at its back, cannot bend the human will, and may injure affection beyond reparation. A business contract in these circumstances would often safeguard a good relation, and remove endless friction and complaint.

Of course there are many far simpler reasons which make men avoid business principles when dealing with their families. A great many men who in their professions display some method are born muddlers, and when they are at home they indulge their natural proclivities. They cannot bring their minds to harass themselves with one more contract which must be adhered to. No one not born with the tendency to procrastination and a natural hatred of method has any idea how hard these defects are to cure. The effort to keep to time and rule is ceaseless, and it is not too much to say that now and then it is agonizing. The procrastinator feels as though he were passing his life in a workhouse governed by alarm-clocks. The temptation to give in to his temperament at home is overwhelming. Of course some one suffers. His wife never knows when she will get her bills paid, nor how much she may reasonably spend, and his children cannot remember when their pocket-money was so small as to be a certainty. When such characters belong to the worser sort, and are ungenerous as well unpunctual, the more unbusinesslike they are the richer they feel. They are never sure what their outgoings will be at any given date; consequently they are sometimes in actual possession of a little more than can be accounted for.

But all this time we are talking of allowances, not of actual sums which when given bring in a settled income that it is no longer in the power of the donor to control. In the greater number of cases, of course, the head of a household cannot afford to do this either for his children, or for any relative who may, so to speak, do duty for a child under his roof. "Cannot," we say, without perhaps sufficient consideration. It is not the custom, at any rate in England, for a man to divide his fortune with his children. Speaking generally, the most unselfish parents belonging to the middle and upper classes expect in their old age to enjoy a larger income than is enjoyed by, say, a son with a rising family. Would the world be happier if the custom changed, if every good man said to himself:—"I am getting old. I need, of course, physical comforts; but I want less society, can enjoy fewer pleasures, and feel far less ambition than I did when I was young. Money is less good to me now. Let my son and his children enjoy themselves while they may. I only ask them not to forget the giver"? Would such a new custom make for the good of the world? From the point of view of strict reason it is conceivable that it might; but the instinct of mankind would seem to be against it. The time when a man could enjoy most is the time when, for the good of the world, he ought to work hardest. Perhaps no man can safely have all that he wants until, if we may be forgiven the paradox, he has ceased to want it. One must not forget, however, that the French *dot* system does in a measure force men to divide their goods with their children, and that by contract. The devotion between parents and children existing in France is a by-word. Clearly here no affection is stifled by money.

The moral effects of money are of

course very difficult indeed to appraise. The extent to which money will buy duty is rather appalling. We believe that no philanthropic institution ever attains to any size or importance without paid agents. Let an undertaking rouse what enthusiasm it may, no sufficient number of persons will serve it heartily for nothing. An individual voluntary worker may do more than any paid man, but the rank-and-file will never put in a full day's work. Is not the conclusion this: that affection, individual affection, the dynamic force which one personality arouses in an-

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other, is a thing which cannot be bought and can hardly be gauged, a thing so strong that money has no more effect upon it than it has upon the force of gravitation. But duty is another thing. Completely abstract in its essence, the most exclusively human of all sentiments, the one thing we seem not to share with the animals, it needs in most men a strong material stimulus. No man ever does his duty the worse because he is paid for it and how many thousands do it better!

NERO AND NEROINE.

Just as a matter of form I took a pair of gloves and drove round to the Galleries, but I did not expect to find anybody there. However, there appeared to be quite a lot of people.

"Then the dance has not been postponed?" I said to the man who accepted my coat.

"Hardly seems like it," he replied.

"Perhaps they haven't heard the news," I said; and I hustled off to find someone in authority.

A dear old friend, who used to share my Latin proses at school, approached, staggering beneath a weight of orders, ribbons, garters, rosettes and what not.

"Look here," I began at once, "this is no time for dressing up. We can't stand fiddling here while Rome is burning. You're a steward?"

"How did you guess?" he asked.

"Well, you must stop the dance. I suppose you've heard what's happened?"

"The question is, have you heard what's going to happen? My boy, I'm going to introduce you to the prettiest girl north of the Equator. Ah, here she is."

Mechanically I went through the introduction, and with a heavy heart broke into what the Press calls the "mazy waltz" with her. Feeling that the whole thing was some horrible dream I led her to a secluded corner, and offered a meringue, an ice, a cup of coffee, champagne cup, and a *mar-ron glaçot*. She refused them all.

"Yes," I said, "I agree with you. It is a mockery to sit here eating, when in the great world outside——"

"One can't begin after the very first dance, I always say."

"Sometimes I wonder if I shall ever eat again."

"Lots of people feel like that, just after—— Oh, do let's talk about something else."

"There is only one thing to talk about," I cried. "The Constitution has been torn asunder——"

"I don't think you're doing what I asked you," she said coldly. "Have you been to many plays lately?"

"Plays! Haven't you heard the news? The so-called House of Lords——"

"Oh, politics! Do you know, I don't take much interest in them."

"This isn't to be dismissed lightly as 'politics,'" I said excitedly. "The whole world—north of the Equator——"

"Isn't that the music beginning? Let's go back, shall we?"

We went back; and I decided to leave the giddy throng in order to strike somehow a blow for freedom. Just as I had got my coat my friend the ambassador came up.

"A charming girl in green for you here," he said, taking me by the arm. "The best dancer south of the Aurora Borealis. Let me introduce you."

Once more I found myself treading the mazy whirl; once more I found myself sitting on the sofa in the little room on the right as you go downstairs.

"Have you been to many dances lately?" said the girl in green.

"Is this a time for dances," I said, sternly, "when all England is reeling under a blow dealt by a handful of hereditary irresponsibles? You have not heard the tidings? They have kept the ill news from you, fearing to mar your innocent gaiety? Yet the time must come when——"

"Oh, do tell me. I love anything exciting."

"A revolution has begun, the end of which no man can foresee."

"Oh where?"

"You ask me *where*?"

"Of course you mean in Spain. But then they're always having them there, aren't they? I think Queen Ena is so sweet, don't you? Isn't the floor good to-night?"

"Spain? What of Spain? We have had a revolution forced on us in England! In England, yes; but all Europe—south of the Aurora Borealis——"

"Shall we be getting back? It's so hard to hear the music from here. I suppose you've heard about the Budget being thrown out?" she went on, as we

got up. "I'm so glad, aren't you? I hate horrid taxes."

As soon as I was alone again I dashed to the cloak-room, struggled into my hat and coat, and told the porter to get me a hansom. I would shake the dust of frivolity from my shoes, and——

"Hallo," said my friend the archduke, "you can't possibly dance in all those things. Leave 'em here and the man will give you a ticket. I have a delightful girl with golden slippers just round the corner—the best talker west of Suez. She wants to sit this out with you."

Ah, here at last was a girl who understood! She too had no heart for dancing.

We sat in silence for some time in the little room on the right as you go downstairs. Then I looked all round me, saw that we were alone, and said in a hollow voice:—

"When our shords are seethed—when our swords are sheathed there will not be one Duke left."

"Have you seen *Smith*?" said the best talker west of Suez.

"No. Are the chosen of the people to be thwarted by a handful of irreconcilables? Shall a degenerate——"

"Don't you love *Marie Löhr*?"

"Yes. Is the Representative House to be browbeaten——"

"Do you go to many plays?"

"Several. The battle is joined; the lists are set; like a trumpet-call to lovers of liberty comes——"

"Have you read any good novels lately?"

"Five. The revolution into which the haughty backwoodsmen have entered so lightly——"

"Do you rink a great deal?"

"Moderately. Are the lords of Walbottle, the patrons of the beer bottle, to dictate——"

"Have you been to the Motor Show yet?"

"No." I sighed deeply. "Do you mind if we stop for a moment?" I said. "I'm getting rather giddy."

"A ravishing creature in pink," said a voice after supper; "the jolliest girl outside Pwlheli. She's been keeping a dance for you."

"This is the best tune in the book," said the ravishing creature as we took the floor. "Don't let's lose any of it. You start with the left foot—*one*, two, three, *one*, two, three."

"Which foot do you go on with? That's much more important. I shall try the right . . . This is delightful. One of us must be dancing awfully well."

"I expect it's me. What have you been doing all day? Don't say 'working'; all the others said that."

"Ah! Well, the truth is—"

"Just as you like, you know."

"The truth is," I said firmly, "I've been reading the papers. The daily papers."

"All of them—even *The Financial Punch.*

News? They're awfully exciting now, aren't they?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. Only— I think I must have read too many of them. One loses one's sense of proportion."

"I lose simply *everything*. Gloves, fans, handkerchiefs."

"Well, you very nearly lost me. I all but went after the third dance."

"Why? Did you have a very heavy partner?"

"No, not exactly that; but— I say, are you keen on—on politics and things?"

"Why, of course."

"Good. Then let's—let's talk about them . . . some day."

"Rather."

"Only not just now."

"Oh, no!"

"No, of course not. I say, have you any more dances to spare?"

"I think so. I'll see when we sit down. I'm enjoying to-night awfully, aren't you?" said the jolliest girl outside Pwlheli.

"Awfully," I said with conviction.

A. A. M.

SOME PROBLEMS OF AMERICA.

President Taft's first Message touches a great number of subjects, but the most exciting domestic questions of the day, such as corporation taxes and waterways, are left over for subsequent development, and the residue, though full of interest and variety of suggestion, is not of a character likely to excite controversy or divide the Republican party, as under his too theatrical predecessor. He promises the fulfilment of some of the election pledges of his party, such as the cessation of "government by injunction" in labor disputes and the establishment of postal savings banks; and he urges the expediting of Federal equity procedure, a greatly needed reform. But three groups

of subjects call for special attention—foreign affairs, tariff problems, and currency and finance. The section on foreign affairs, with which the Message opens, deals at length not only with questions forced on the United States by its geographical position, but with the problems raised by the overflow of American capital to find new fields in the Far East and Central America. By this and by its references to the attitude of the Administration towards the Congo problem and to the Monroe Doctrine, it shows once more that the United States has become a "world-power"; but the conditions contemplated are really a revival, on a much larger scale, of those which

existed before the War of Secession. In the 'forties and 'fifties of the last century Boston and New York had large interests in Far Eastern trade, and New York capitalists made the Panama railway, and carried on the rival transit enterprise by the river and lake of Nicaragua. Then came the war, which incidentally freed the West from the danger of development by slave labor, organized on a patriarchal system and directed by a landed gentry from the South. The country was opened up to farmers, miners, and ranchers, who furnished an infinitely better traffic for the great trans-continental railways than would have been possible under a slave system and a landlord aristocracy; and for some 40 years there was employment enough and to spare at home, even for the marvellously increased capital of the American people. That capital is now overworking again into the old channels; its first need is security, and President Taft intimates very clearly that this security will either be ensured by the United States, if necessary, or accepted, in spite of the Monroe Doctrine, from any European Government that may feel called on to provide it for its own investors. The danger of European political interference in Spanish America has disappeared—a recognition of facts which may be commended in passing to the German enthusiasts for "expansion"; and in regard to Nicaragua, American political interference will go no further than is necessary to uphold the duty of the Government to American interests and "its moral obligations to Central America and civilization." Here, of course, we must await the pending developments, on which a future Message will be issued; but we may bear in mind that, on the one hand, the United States and Mexico are pledged to keep the peace between the little Central American States through

the central Court of Arbitration, and, on the other, that any establishment and support of a particular faction will raise a Nationalist opposition which will greatly complicate the task. We cannot but add that such a Government might make trouble between American interests and the large British interests in Nicaragua, and that though General Zelaya is a kind of mediæval despot, there is some reason to believe that General Estrada, who owes his rise to him, and is now leading the revolt, might prove to be even worse. We can only hope that the interference which has undoubtedly become the duty of the United States will be limited to the restoration of peace and the protection of an efficient and orderly administration in Nicaragua. Of other foreign questions touched we can only note the subsidence of the Japanese scare and the reference, too moderate in tone, but still promising, to America's attitude on the Congo problem.

In the financial portion of the Message there is a cautious intimation, in accordance with Republican pledges, that the tariff may be lowered in the remote future, and an indication that the Government sees the folly of tariff wars. The reference to the rise of the cost of living, a process which, by the way, seems likely to cause a serious railroad strike, provokes the criticism that, if much of the rise is independent of the tariff, it is folly to keep it aggravated by artificial means; and other great evils of the tariff do not quite escape notice. The great sugar frauds are now *sub judice*, but they illustrate strongly the evil possibilities of Tariff "Reform." The corruption of the New York Custom House in small matters, such as the passing of passengers' luggage, has long been notorious, and is fully recognized in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury; but it takes more than the mere tipping of officers

to pass furs and frocks to bring about such colossal frauds as those now revealed. Last May the United States recovered from the Sugar Trust \$2,000,000 for duties on imported sugar of which it had been defrauded during a series of years by employees of one of the refineries on the Long Island shore of the city of New York. By an ingenious mechanical device, which prevented the platform scale from descending properly, the bags of raw sugar placed on it were returned as under weight; and there is no reasonable doubt that the Customs officers connived at, if they did not actively assist, the fraud. Something had been known of it since 1903, but the officers who reported it seem to have been kept out of the way of verifying their suspicions; and the prosecuting counsel in the trial of the Trust employees now in progress declares that the Government has been defrauded by this refinery almost since the sugar duties were first imposed. The Custom House is being purged drastically of the guilty or inefficient officers, but the conditions which make for such frauds remain. The Sugar Trust is making large sums out of the people, regarded as consumers; there is a great temptation to not too well-paid Customs officers, who feel the burden as consumers, to take their share of the plunder by defrauding the people through its Government. And the temptation will exist so long as a high tariff facilitates the control of trade by trusts. We trust the moral will not be missed in our own General Election.

No less interest to readers on this side of the Atlantic is afforded by the portions of the Messages of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury which deal with currency and finance. Times are changed since the Federal Government, not knowing what to do with its vast surpluses, put on pensions to veterans as a means

of dissipating them and giving an excuse for maintaining a high tariff. For the current year the deficit, counting the payments on account of the Panama Canal and the public debt, is \$73,075,620, or about £15,000,000; for next year, counting the same payments, the deficit will be \$12,132,197, or nearly £2,500,000. These deficits must be met by the issue of bonds or certificates of indebtedness; but the Secretary of the Treasury points out that it is high time to retrench. The constitutional separation of the Executive from the Legislature prevents the authoritative proposal of a Budget by the former; and the nearest approach to the possibility of framing such a scheme is afforded by the existence of two Committees of the House. For raising the money there is the Committee of Ways and Means; for spending it there is the new committee, first introduced under the present Administration, containing the chairmen of all the Appropriation Committees, and so introducing some order into the work. Further developments are indicated by the Report as impending, but, meantime, the deficit must be met by borrowing, and, as the Secretary indicates (for the benefit, surely, only of the world outside finance), the rate of interest on the bonds issued is illusory. Bonds can be issued at a low rate because they are ingeniously linked with note circulation; but the amount and the need of that circulation varies, for reasons unnecessary to particularize, more in the United States than anywhere else. The possibility of meeting the demands depends on the power of issuing bonds; the issue of bonds depends largely on the demand for notes. But for the expenditure on the Panama Canal relief from the monetary crisis of 1907 would have been more difficult and longer delayed; and that expenditure is piling up deficits which will only be met indirectly by the effects of the comple-

tion of the canal. The linking of bonds to currency was a necessity of finance in the straits of the War of Secession. Now it is an inconvenience amounting at times to a danger. The

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American nation, however, has solved far more difficult problems; and we await with confidence the Report of the Monetary Commission.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In Richard Watson Gilder's "Lincoln the Leader,"—Mr. Gilder's last bit of published writing—we have two suggestive and interesting studies of Lincoln, one as a leader of men,—one of the greatest leaders of the nineteenth century,—the other as the master of a direct and unstudied mode of expression, which gave his utterances, when his emotions were aroused, a power and an appeal which the greatest orators and writers might envy. Both essays are just and well-considered. Houghton Mifflin Co.

In his latest book, Mr. Charles Major has somewhat glorified that Margravine of Bayreuth whose memoirs so vividly picture the strange court of the father of Frederick the Great that even Carlyle could not heighten a tint or improve a line, but he has made a pretty story of Princess Wilhelmina and her lover, and has given it the title of "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg." In some other respects he adorns the truth and he invents a chivalrous Margrave, greatly wronged by his ugly face and body, but in the main he adheres to the truth of history and the book is quite equal to his English romances. The Macmillan Company.

The author of the Atlantic paper, "The Confessions of a Best Seller," Mr. Meredith Nicholson, calls his latest book "The Lords of High Decision," but one suspects that he would have preferred its closing words, "The City of the

Heart of Gold," to the actual phrase plucked from the heart of the book, and really less significant. The personages are indeed to a certain extent the sport of the fates, the lords of high decision, but Pittsburg is at least half the story and shapes the personages by its demands upon them. The hero is of the half worthless type just now fancied by female novelists. The heroine, although an apparently blameless, hard-working artist really has a divorced husband in the background, and the only agreeable figures in the tale are two unpretentious business men, the wife of one of them and a society man growing too old to be an usher. The reader's attention is maintained by the unexpected things done by the personages, not by their characteristics. Doubleday Page & Co.

Books on Mexico have increased in interest since 1898, and their value grows as the completion of the Panama canal approaches. Mr. W. E. Carson's "Mexico, the Wonderland of the South" will not be neglected, although it is entirely unpretentious and is addressed to no especial class of readers. The author is fully aware of the well diffused ignorance of his subject in the United States, and does not neglect the picturesque aspects of daily life as they appear to all travellers, and he is also cognizant of the changes which have taken place within the last twenty-five years, and still continue to occur. The noteworthy points of his work are his

careful notes as to the different qualities conspicuous in the population of various sections, a matter at least as important as in the United States: his statements in regard to the Tehuantepec route, and the opportunities which it offers to traders and to travellers; and his excellent photographs. A good index makes the volume useful as a guide book. Macmillan Company.

Both amateur and professional conjurers and showmen will find a multitude of hints and suggestions in Will Goldstein's "Tricks and Illusions," which E. P. Dutton & Co. publish in a profusely illustrated volume. As for persons who are neither conjurers nor showmen, they may well be led to resolve never to trust their unaided senses again, as they learn from these bewildering pages how many ways there are of tricking them. From the same publishers comes an attractive little book, "Things Seen in Holland," by Charles E. Roche, which describes briefly and agreeably some of the things best worth seeing upon a trip to Holland, and illustrates them with fifty full-page pictures from photographs.

Mr. James O. Fagan's "Labor and the Railroads" will probably be read by those already acquainted with its substance and its conclusions, and neglected by those whom it most concerns, that is to say by the railway passengers, and the men and women obliged to use grade crossings, the persons who must furnish the thousands killed every year by the progress of civilization,—a phrase meaning the establishment of a condition of things requiring a person employed by a railway to do nothing for which he is not definitely hired, and to work only at a time definitely appointed. "Loyalty to the union" is another contributing agent to slaughter, forbidding a man to

report a comrade's negligence, inattention, or any other fault, thus leaving carelessness and incompetence to work their will; but loyalty is a pretty word, almost as pretty as progress, and the honest fellows who use it never suspect themselves of wantonly destroying human life. These are the matters considered by Mr. Fagan and in time the knowledge of those who read his books may be slowly disseminated. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The heroine of Mr. William Herford's "Demagog" breaks her engagement when she discovers that her betrothed has been guilty of breaking one commandment. The Kentuckian heroine of Miss Marie Van Vorst's "In Ambush," after a suitor for her hand has shown her that he has left no commandment without fracture cries, "You're not going without me now! I'm going too," and she goes. Such is the distance that separates one heroine of this holiday season from the other, and it is a New York girl and not the Kentuckian who is most fastidious in her standard of morality. For the rest the book is very unevenly written, containing some excellently described episodes and some scenes which are simply absurd to anyone with the smallest sense of humor. One virtue the hero has; he is brave, but only poetry can bestow even a tolerable aspect upon virtue linked with a thousand crimes; to describe a well-bred, well educated, sane woman of respectable family as insisting upon eloping with such a person is to bring a severe accusation against her ancestry and her environment. J. B. Lippincott Company.

The late Jeremiah Curtin's "A Journey in Southern Siberia" is much more than the mere traveller's tale indicated by its title, being not only an account of an extraordinary journey touching many points not before visited by any

English speaking traveller; but a study of more than one unfamiliar tribe; and in particular of the Buriats, whose language Curtin learned without books from a Russian speaking Buriat during the journey, in the casual way in which he learned anything which it pleased him to acquire; also the volume includes a valuable group of Mongol myths and folk-tales, and many curious photographs of subjects accessible only to one speaking Buriat. Small wonder that Dr. Charles W. Eliot is enthusiastic in praise of its author and that his Prefatory Note virtually bids the reader not to neglect the work, which is really essential to those who desire the best possible understanding of Curtin's monumental "The Mongols" and "The Mongols in Russia." To the last Mr. Curtin retained his power of swift study and his death robbed his fellow men of a mind enriched by sixty literatures. The race of intellectual giants persisted in him. Little, Brown & Co.

If there be any truth in the theory that ugliness is not a subject for art, Mr. Robert Hichens could hardly find a defence for his "Bella Donna," for his subject is an entirely mercenary evil woman at the moment when the toilet arts of the East and West combined cannot conceal the irremediable ugliness brought to her by the remorseless years. Not a spark of love, not an atom of tenderness, not a ray of charity, illuminates her character from the moment when the husband who bought her divorces her and leaves her to obtain by her own unaided efforts the luxuries and beautiful things which she covets. She obtains them, and in the opening chapter of the book she is seen twenty years later, in pursuit of Nigel Armine, her junior by years, and a man of extraordinary purity of character and delicacy of sentiment, whom she promptly begins

to poison as soon as she discovers that he will not inherit his brother's title and lands, and that a rich Mohammedan Egyptian seems ready to lavish his wealth upon her. The Mohammedan treats her entirely according to her deserts and she is left utterly overwhelmed by misfortunes both great and petty. The four men in the story, the shallow little American doctor, the high-minded husband, the wise and noble Hebrew physician, even the brutally selfish Turco-Egyptian are very well done. J. B. Lippincott Company.

The subject of the late Signore Cesare Lombroso's "After Death—What?" was not seriously considered by him for the press, or for any form of publication, until a short time before his death, and the book was undertaken amid the protestations of his friends, who warned him that its publication might ruin the reputation, earned by a life-time of scientific work and study, "But all this talk," he wrote in his preface, "did not make me hesitate for a single moment. I thought it my predestined end and way and my duty to crown a life passed in the struggle for great ideas by entering the lists for this desperate cause, the most hotly contested and perhaps most persistently mocked at idea of the times." In the light of these words and this eagerness the book seems indeed to crown his life. Hypnotic phenomena, the history of the Eusapia Palladino case and the experiments made with scientific instruments with her assistance open the book; mediums in general, and among savage tribes; limitations of the medium; ancient beliefs in regard to spirits; identity; doubles; haunted houses, spirit photographs, and lastly the biology of the spirits, are among the topics of the chapters. Signore Lombroso's own experiments and observations, conducted with infinite care and pains, are valuable, but some phenomena reported

to him as occurring in the United States and repeated by him are proved impostures, and the persecutions of which he thinks that certain mediums have been the subject are merely the natural man's manifestations of anger when he discovers that he has been cheated. Good fortune protected the Italian from an encounter even by report with the most notorious of all American mediums, but he accepts the Fox sisters at their own valuation and takes the closed double slate trick as evidence.

But the defects of the book are of little consequence. Here it is, a great man's last effort to serve the truth for which he lived; not a conclusive book, but a book aiming at a conclusion on a subject of infinite interest; a book as important as any yet published on the subject of psychical research. It is illustrated with many photographs. Small, Maynard & Co.

Two faults and two only are apparent in Mr. Ralph D. Paine's "Ships and Sailors of Old Salem"; first, it is barbarously heavy in hand; second, its index, although tolerably full, is hardly as minute as should be the index of a volume sure to be interesting to men of many minds, and of all ages. These objections are written first, in the certainty that they would not be written at all after contemplating the merits of the book long enough to enumerate a few of them. Salem is one of the American homes of romance, not because of the witchcraft legend, or of the many strong-hearted, bold theologians who have ruled her churches, but because of the harbor which has made her a nursery and home of seamen adventurers, of men whose existence is an unbroken romance from the very early moment in which they leave their homes to their reluctant last voyage thither from far off seas and havens. In the days of her glory there was no

foreign desirable thing not to be found in the deep holds unloaded upon her wharves, and even to this day her ancient houses abound in costly flushing, furniture and other spoil of Ormuz and of Ind. Mr. Paine is an enthusiast, and warmly sets forth the doings of the old shipmasters and supercargoes; the shrewd and daring owners, and the hardly less shrewd and clever common seamen who performed their bidding. The Derby vessels, equally swift to outstrip the carriers of the official despatches notifying England of the day of Concord and Lexington, and to bring the news of peace when the long war was ended; the Crowninshield Cleopatra, the home of the former merchant captain, passing from port to port making her presence everywhere a holiday because of her quaint beauty and luxury, and her swiftness and other seaworthy qualities; the tragedy of the Friendship, her crew murdered by Malays and the avenging attack of Downes in the Potomac; the story of the Amity, English schooner taken off the Spanish Main, by mutineers who sailed her into Salem Harbor to meet the gaze of her astonished captain, guest of Elias Hasket Derby, whose Grand Turk had picked up the open boat into which the mutineers had thrown their officer. Of course her recapture followed, as much of course as that all the crew to whom Bowditch taught navigation for their pleasure and his should become captains; that sort of thing was always happening in Salem, and Mr. Paine covers close on 700 royal octavo pages with them, writing of all with infectious enjoyment and pride in the behavior of such Americans. He writes for the elders, but the economical parent or librarian will do well to substitute his book for the entire collection of juvenile nautical literature for the season: it contains more stories and better stories. The Outing Company.

